

# THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 2,877 Vol. 110.

17 December 1910.

[REGISTERED AS A] 6d.  
NEWSPAPER.

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK . . .	765	MIDDLE ARTICLES ( <i>continued</i> ):		CORRESPONDENCE ( <i>continued</i> ):	
LEADING ARTICLES:		Improving Paris. By Ernest Dimnet .	777	Kinematograph Shows . . .	781
The Next Step . . .	768	The Truth about "The Liars" . . .	778	The "Babes-in-the-Wood" Ballad and	
The Liberal Respectables . . .	769	VERSE:		an Old Collegiate Church. By the	
Election Libels . . .	770	Sunset. By Sandys Wason . . .	782	Rev. Charles Kent. . . .	782
Germany—Nearing the Cross-Roads .	771	CORRESPONDENCE:		REVIEWS:	
Europe and the Greekling . . .	772	Hospital Finance. By the Hon.		The Chinese Semiramis . . .	782
THE CITY . . . . .	773	Stephen Coleridge and another .	779	"What Dreams may Come —" .	784
INSURANCE:		The Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy.		Social Decadence . . . .	784
Bachelor Policies . . . .	773	By A. K. Venning . . . .	780	A Comic Persian . . . .	784
SPECIAL ARTICLE:		Mr. R. B. Cunninghame Graham and		Origins . . . . .	785
Two Months of the Portuguese Re-		English Art Criticism. By H. P.		Life at Forty . . . . .	786
public. By Expertus. III. — A		Hain Friswell . . . . .	780	NOVELS . . . . .	787
"Fluke" Revolution . . . .	774	Abraham Lincoln and Free Trade. By		SHORTER NOTICES . . . .	788
MIDDLE ARTICLES:		H. R. Gawen Gogay . . . .	780	CHRISTMAS BOOK SUPPLEMENT.	
A Dream of Paradoxia . . .	776	Indian Sedition . . . . .	780	A Green-Wood Gift-Book . . .	iii
		Japan and America. By Walter Phelps		Sea, School and History . . .	iii
		Dodge . . . . .	781	Fairies and Facts . . . .	v
		The New Régime in Turkey . .	781	Miscellaneous Stories . . .	v

*We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It is now plain that the election is going to leave us practically as we were. The grand result of all the hullabaloo—the expense, the upset of business, the effort—is just a stale-mate, as Mr. Bonar Law puts it. This is the obvious truth, and no amount of special pleading can get rid of it. The anti-Lords Combine—we cannot find a better phrase to cover all the Ministerialist groups—do not like to admit this. They are for claiming a great victory and much delight at the result. But all they can show—what nobody disputes—is that they have not lost what confidence the country had in them before. But they have lost some of it, for their loss in votes is much greater than ours. Put things as they may on platforms, no Radical cleverness can do away with the evidence of the number of votes polled. Seats won is small evidence beside that. This election proves little, but if it proves anything, it is that the Government have lost rather than gained in the country's confidence.

"As we were" may be satisfactory to the Government, it may be a triumph for them; but if that was all they wanted and hoped for, one feels they could have got their way much more easily by having no election at all. One can hardly believe that sane men would force a General Election on their supporters merely for fun—just for the merriment of a "general post" in a game of Blind Postman. If they did not expect to improve their position, it was mere cussedness to dissolve at all. They needed no new lease of power—unlike Lord Salisbury in 1900—only a year of their term had gone; Lord Salisbury had hardly more than a year to run. But, of course, the truth is the Government did expect to win many seats and so come out of the election vastly stronger. They have failed, just as we have failed; so stale-mate is the result. With this difference; the Government were able to choose their own time and their own ground. They had everything in their favour.

There is yet one other thing the Government might have had in mind in going to the country—to be able to say that the country had twice been consulted on their anti-Lords policy and had twice returned a majority in favour of the Government. This would have been speaking by the card, but it would have been as true as most election arguments. Had this been their honest object, they ought to have passed their Parliament Bill through the Commons before the election last January; and passed it again last session. For reasons best known to themselves they would not take that risk. And their own wisest mouthpiece in the press—the "Westminster Gazette"—says, grudgingly but clearly, in Monday's leading article, that Liberals accept the view that the January election was fought on the Budget, not on the particular issue of the "Lords' Veto" as this one was. So here we have a plain Liberal admission that there have not been two elections which turned on the Lords question. We lay this up for the time when the Lords throw out the Parliament Bill. Very different Liberal versions will be current then, we imagine.

The big guns are booming all the time—over the din one just hears them. Mr. Balfour, Mr. Asquith, Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Churchill, Mr. F. E. Smith, daily. There is nothing new to be said, of course: how could there be now? Speeches in the midst of an election are meant for the spot and the moment—they may be urbi, but never orbi. It is hardly fair on the speaker to report him—it is most unfair to report him in snippets. Potted oratory—the real article—is beyond any reporter's cookery. But we still look at Liberal speeches to see what they can say against the Referendum. Mr. Asquith's latest argument against it—at least he seems to think it a brilliant point against Mr. Balfour—is that the direct appeal will not admit of plural voting. The worst this can or could show against us is that we were disinterested in advocating Referendum.

Of electioneering phenomena the most striking, and, to the Unionists at any rate, the most interesting, is the rising of the West. Too long the two noble counties of Devon and Cornwall have lain in the shade of political nonconformity. All politics and all

politicians are tolerable except the political Dissenters—political dissent is a blight narrowing the intelligence and souring the character of a whole people. And in the West Country political dissent is a twist—a sort of malformity—the Wesleyans have no historic connexion with the Puritans; they are not strictly Dissenters at all; and it is only by a false analogy that they are mainly Liberals. Apparently they are beginning to see this. Plymouth, Bodmin, Torquay, Tavistock won; only Exeter lost, and by a miserable accident of four—this is no freak. Tavistock is especially grateful—for here Mr. Lloyd George's land taxes and down-with-the-Dukes was tried. The Tavistock Duke was cleared out; and do the people thank Mr. Lloyd George for doing it? Unable to get the Duke of Bedford back, they console themselves by turning Mr. Lloyd George's man out.

What the great seaports are thinking of the Radical Navy policy is clear enough. Portsmouth, Devonport, Torquay, Liverpool, Grimsby—it is a heartening list. In 1871 Mr. Plimsoll, Radical as he was, recommended every seaman, whatever his party, to vote blue at the next election. If that was good advice in 1871, to-day it is even better. Conceive Portsmouth returning a Radical member to vote for a reduction of the Navy Estimates! There is, in politics, still some sense of fitness; and we shall not believe the whole world to be mad till Lord Charles Beresford cannot find a safe seat at one or other of our naval ports.

The Liberal Publication Department—in homelier, more recognisable phrase, the factory of Liberal posters—those tasteful pictures of Peers as doddering dotards or anæmic boy-profligates—once more has to save itself by disowning Liberal posters. It disowned the now notorious Chinese-slavery pictures, which none the less won its party many seats. Mr. Balfour exposed the lies of a certain poster circulated in the interest of a Radical candidate. Thereupon up jumps the Liberal Publication Department and says it does not know the poster, though the poster claimed to be issued by the department. Very good for Mr. Geakie and his office; but how about the Liberal cause? Mr. Balfour pointed out in a speech a day or two later that Mr. Geakie's disavowal helps only his department, the fact remaining that this lying poster, which the Liberal Publication Department will have nothing to do with, was issued and circulated to promote Liberal interests. This sort of thing is not done by one person nor by accident.

Close on this exposure followed the verdict against the "Daily Chronicle", which gave Mr. Simmons, a former Unionist candidate for S. George's-in-the-East, £5000 damages. The "Daily Chronicle" had published two libels on Mr. Simmons, charging him with being instrumental in throwing 3000 men out of work and in persistently opposing the municipal feeding of poor school-children. The libels were well timed to affect the election, being circulated a day or two before the poll. One can imagine hardly a surer way to win an election in East London than to get fastened on your opponent the sobriquet "Starve the kids". And Mr. Simmons did lose, and he very rightly brought the "Daily Chronicle" to book for it, to the tune, if the jury's view is upheld by the Court of Appeal, of £5000.

"You are entirely at liberty to quote me as declaring that . . . I am profoundly impressed as to the absolute baselessness of alarm about the consequences of Home Rule."—Lord Aberdeen to the Liberal candidate for West Aberdeenshire (Press Association).

"It is improper that the King's representative should even indirectly be brought into political controversy."—Lord Aberdeen (Press Association).

Lord Aberdeen is generally regarded as rather a simple person, but this seems a trifle more than naïveté. A Lord-Lieutenant might say either or neither of these things, but to say both in the thick of an election! Did he really write this?

As the election nears the end, Home Rule once more becomes a real issue. This is as it was in January last. The country must not be frightened about Home Rule in the early stages of the election. Home Rule must be smuggled away, kept from the platform and from addresses to the electors. Then, when the prevailing colour of the new Parliament is fixed, Home Rule is discovered by the Radicals to be one of the chief issues after all. Mr. Balfour is seldom stirred to the high quality of anger which thrilled his speech at Dartford on Monday. Home Rule is to be smuggled through—a measure which will work incalculable mischief; on which the people will have no further chance to declare their opinion, which cannot be again undone.

Few of the rich Americans who subscribe to keep the Nationalists in the House of Commons, and the Unionist Government out of it, care two pins about Home Rule for Ireland. But they care very much that Great Britain shall continue to keep open market, and they care still more that the Canadian offer of reciprocal trade shall again be refused next year. We have heard on good authority of American agitators and workers steaming in hot haste to this country so soon as the election was declared. The question of reciprocity with Canada is of enormous importance to America. The United States are determined to be first, and the rejoicing with which the news of a Radical gain is received there in the great commercial centres shows the interest they are taking in this election. Mr. Redmond is playing the game of the American manufacturers with the help of American money.

Meantime Canada is being hard pressed by the United States to close with the American offer. And there are signs that Canada is getting a little tired of waiting for Great Britain. Emigrants of every race pour into Canada every year; and it becomes increasingly difficult for the Conservative and Imperialist party in the Dominion to keep the country patient. One thing is clear. The Americans firmly believe that, if the Radical Free Trade Government again refuse to listen to Canada next spring, and if the colonies are again sent empty away for another period of five years, they will be able to forestall us with the Dominion, and to tie her up in some reciprocal arrangement that will for many years destroy the value of imperial preference. So long as keeping the Radicals in office means a refusal to the colonies of imperial preference, so long will Mr. Redmond be generously supported with American money. Once imperial preference is arranged, Mr. Redmond will lose his best friends.

There is some talk of the nonsense about Federal Home Rule being revived when the election is over. "Pacificus" had better, for his own satisfaction and for others', be left to rest in peace. His policy has been so heartily dropped, disclaimed and damned by every Unionist candidate—especially by those who had most openly kept company with him—that shame alone must keep that fad underground. The hurried burying of Home-Rule-all-round was barely decent; to dig it up again would be indecent. But, seriously, of Unionists that count there is not a handful who have or had any intention of touching this thing. Mr. T. A. Brassey has never yet convinced a constituency; he will hardly convince a party.

According to the Secretary of the British India Committee, just returned from South Africa, there is an earnest desire to find a settlement of the British Indian problem. It is realised a little late that the position is impossible alike from an imperial and a local standpoint. The special laws aimed at British Indians are to be repealed and a law aimed at all races is to take its place. Under the new Act the exclusion of Asiatics would continue, and the only difference would be the partial removal of an invidious distinction against a body of the King's subjects. United South Africa is as set as the Transvaal itself to keep out the Asiatic, and the proposed settlement of the problem is at best a palliative.

This week the reconstituted German Ministry has made its bow to the Reichstag. After the Imperial Chancellor had stated the principles of his policy, the Ministers reviewed the work of their departments. General von Heeringen's plans for military reorganisation have met with general approval. Herr von Lindquist was able to announce that the German Colonies were gradually approaching solvency; but the most significant thing about his speech was the applause which greeted his praise of his predecessor. Finally Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter was able to allay apprehensions of French action in Morocco. Only a squabble about Moabit spoiled the harmony of the Christmas debates.

As the chief references to foreign politics were read from manuscript, they bear a highly official character. Russia has secured a free hand in Northern Persia, subject to what, if we may read between the lines of the Chancellor's declaration, amounts to a pledge not to support an anti-Turkish coalition. The reference to Great Britain is much more vague. With courteous sarcasm the Chancellor explained that while the general views of the British Government were well known, no proposal admitting of a definite "Yes" or "No" had been put forward. The Germans, for their part, will not discuss the naval question by itself. Any agreement must be part of a general political and economic settlement.

Probably the naval mutiny at Rio de Janeiro is the aftermath of the troubles of November and not the beginning of a new series. But a bombardment of the capital by a mutinous cruiser that had taken sides with a mutinous regiment is anything but trivial. The capital was in panic and people fled, and before the mutiny was suppressed the number of killed and wounded in the city and on the cruiser and in the mutinous regiment was over two hundred. The readiness with which the Chamber of Deputies agreed to proclamation of martial law is the best guarantee that the Government has not lost control. The crews of several war vessels have been imprisoned and are to be tried by military law. To timid people this suggests further trouble, but at present order reigns at Rio, and the President has even allowed his recent unsuccessful competitor, the leader of the Opposition, to leave the capital.

Very happily with the week before Christmas the shipbuilding lock-out has come to an end. It has lasted fourteen weeks, has cost the men in wages near £800,000 and the trade-union funds £100,000. The employers' losses cannot be so precisely fixed; indeed the estimate for the men's leaves uncounted many indirect pecuniary losses and much privation and unhappiness. Always in these strikes too the tradesmen have to support the men on credit. This is often too much for their resources and they are ruined: reges delirant, Achivi plectuntur. They and others will be glad that the kings have come to their senses.

The final terms on which the dispute has been settled may modify some of the censure on the men for not observing the national agreement. They cannot be absolved, for an agreement ought to be kept. But it left the employers the sole judges of doubtful questions. This grave mistake the employers have wisely and generously consented to rectify, and a joint board of employers and workmen will be the arbiter in future. The consent of the men to the discipline of their society in case of sectional strikes is balanced by the consent of the employers to a similar provision applicable to the members of their own societies. There is now a clear issue. Will the men keep their engagement? If not, trade-unionism will be hopeless and industry be reduced again to the anarchy from which it seemed to be saved.

The decision of the Court of Appeal on the action by Mr. Dyson against the Attorney-General does not,

of course, settle that any particular demand or class of demands made under Form IV. is illegal. What it does decide is that an action can be brought against the Attorney-General to test whether demands are legal or not. The Attorney-General had got an order from a Master in Chambers to have Mr. Dyson's action struck out, and the Judge in Chambers had confirmed the Master. Mr. Dyson had therefore submissively to fill up the form or wait until he was sued by the Attorney-General for the penalty of £50 before he could assert his own opinion.

Lord Justice Farwell protested against the high-handed way in which the Law Officers have of late defended Government Departments and officials who claimed to act without the control of the Courts. He mentioned three notable recent cases, the best known being the Swansea school case. Now, he said, the Attorney-General seeks to prevent an action being tried which is of importance to hundreds and thousands of His Majesty's subjects. He hoped the Law Officers would return to the earlier salutary practice of throwing no difficulties in the way when there was a real point of importance, as here. It is very satisfactory that the Court of Appeal judges all agreed about these attempts at arbitrary power by officers of the Government.

The Reader in English law at Cambridge is delivering a series of lectures on "The Law of the Air", a subject recently brought into debate by the growth of aerial traffic. "Cuius est solum", quoth the legal saw "eius est usque ad cælum"; but we are told that this principle is not fully recognised by the courts of law. It is a pretty thought to the scientist that, strictly speaking, proprietary rights in a square foot of surface vanish below to a point (the centre of the earth); while upwards, they ever broaden to infinity. However, mortals and lawyers are concerned with not even all the available atmosphere of our globe, only with the inhabitable portion; this perhaps is the "limit by height" theory. The alternative theory of sovereignty of the air is limited by "right of innocent passage"—somewhat like trespass, we suppose. You may breathe or aviate in my air, trespasser, and you will not be prosecuted; but let me catch you damaging it! Meanwhile my chimneys may damage my air, but you can fly elsewhere.

That the getting of wealth is a very different thing from the getting of wisdom has been shown once again, and once again by Mr. Andrew Carnegie. He has placed in the hands of twenty-four American trustees, with Senator Elihu Root at their head, the sum of two millions in five per cent. bonds, with the general instruction that the annual interest, a hundred thousand pounds—it sounds more in dollars—is to be devoted to hastening the abolition of international war. Mr. Carnegie does not say how it is to be done; the twenty-four trustees are left to invent methods. And that is not all. When international war has been abolished (when, not if), the revenue is to be applied to alleviating and eliminating the "next most degrading evil" suffered by Man. Might we suggest that future Carnegie trustees, "when war has been abolished", will do quite as wisely to attempt to "abolish" the war between the sexes, or to eliminate the taste for blood from carnivora, or to train America to believe that man cannot live by success alone? Futility can no farther go. O that men should put dollars in their pockets to steal away their brains!

Sir Charles Scotter belonged to the old school of railway managers before the experiment began of appointing University men with presumably a wider outlook, an experiment there has not yet been time to test. He acted towards the close of his life as Chairman of the Viceregal Commission on Irish Railways, and though he did not secure an absolutely unanimous Report, he conducted that highly contentious and most complicated business without offending anyone, which is saying a great deal in an inquiry of that nature,



especially in Ireland. His kindness of heart was never spoiled by great success, as those who have had occasion to seek his advice and assistance can testify.

Emil Reich, Doctor by grace of Vienna University, has died at the early age of fifty-six after a strenuous and interesting life. He was attracted in early manhood to the study of history and allied subjects, and determined to travel to increase and facilitate his learning and to widen his sympathies. Philosophy and archaeology, among other sciences, claimed some of his attention, but he seems to have lacked that concentration of purpose and "capacity for taking pains" which are necessary parts of the true scholar's equipment. He was by no means all a charlatan; and it has been said that it was owing to a practical business instinct that he determined to be a temporary success rather than a remote unfriended scholar. The reputation he could have achieved with us suffers from the "boom" given to his personality by the egregious Claridge lectures to women on Plato. He found his public, and gave it what it wanted; but, however popular may be this method of success, "fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil".

Some have asked why Canon Scott-Holland has been made Professor of Divinity at Oxford. It is surely the wrong question. We should ask, why has Canon Scott-Holland accepted this Professorship? To be a Canon of S. Paul's is a position not only of great dignity but of immense influence—immense influence in London. And Canon Scott-Holland is not only Canon of S. Paul's, but a Canon of great mark. However, it was for him to choose. From Ince to Scott-Holland is certainly a long way. "Ince's Ordination Lectures" are an Oxford legend or tradition familiar to innumerable generations of undergraduates. "Scott-Holland's Ordination Lectures" do not come nearly so naturally. New wine indeed, and the bottles are indisputably old. Something will burst, we feel sure. But one thing is certain: Canon Scott-Holland's perpetual youth will be equal to the need.

By this time the world knows that F. W. Walker, the High Master of Manchester Grammar School and High Master of S. Paul's, was a great man. He had been for too long training boys for the world's work for the world not to have recognised Walker's power and granted his claims even before his death. But only those who were under his eye and lead, who were his boys, and then his friends, his friends on into their own middle age, can know how great a man he was. The schoolboy could barely guess it: he tremendously regarded and respected his High Master, and if he had been long in the VIIIth he may have loved him. But the stern persona that masked the kind deep-feeling heart, and noble nature, was almost inscrutable to boys. In after-manhood Walker's boys came to know what they owed to him. Most of them would probably say that next to their fathers they owed more to him than to any other man.

He was a fine scholar, but it makes one impatient to hear it said. It is not the point. He was everything he was because he was a great man. He was a great schoolmaster because he knew men. Walker had a perfect flair for boy-nature. He could gauge a boy's character and infer from it his future course as no other man we, at any rate, have known could. And it was his delight to do it. This made him the true teacher—lessons were moulded on boy nature; and the supreme gift served him quite as much in the choice of assistant masters. He used to say—and such a man's estimate is valuable—that the boys he had at Manchester had less intellectual ability than those he had at S. Paul's, but more driving power. He was a tremendous Tory and a High Churchman, and he rose from the crowd. One is glad there is a really fine portrait of this striking figure—the one by Mr. W. Rothenstein in the library of S. Paul's School.

## THE NEXT STEP.

THE elections are over; the balance of parties is unchanged; and it is no longer profitable or amusing to speculate on the reason why Parliament was dissolved. The new Parliament will meet in the last week of January or the first week in February; and interest naturally is centred on the question, What will be the next step of the Constitution-wreckers? The Parliament Bill was introduced in both Houses of the last Parliament. In which House will it now be introduced? Probably in the House of Commons, through which its passage will assuredly be neither easy nor short. A new House of Commons, in which some 270 members will be thoroughly exasperated by what they consider a wanton election, is not likely to be indulgent to a measure which they rightly regard as aimed at the very eye of the Constitution, a Parliament of two Houses. But the closure can do much, and through the House of Commons the Parliament Bill will go by the end of February or the middle of March. What will happen to it in the House of Lords? Mr. Balfour's speech at Dartford was in the right key: it promised resistance, at some stage or other of the war, to the principle of the Bill; but it alluded, a little ambiguously, to the possibility of the Bill becoming law. We are sorry to say that there is in certain quarters of the Unionist camp a weakening on the subject of the Bill. There is a shrugging of the shoulders, and a spreading out of the palms, and a What would you have after two elections? This is absurd; there must be no doubt about this Parliament Bill—the House of Lords must reject it. Only two respectable reasons have we heard for the passing of the Bill by the Lords. The first is that the Sovereign must be kept out of the business. Highly as we value the principle of the neutrality of the Crown in party politics, we are not prepared to sacrifice the unity of the Empire and the liberty of the subject to that principle, especially as it has been already violated by the Radicals for their own party ends. The Government has already used the Crown as a weapon in the fight. No one knows better than Mr. Asquith that in asking the King for a dissolution he was violating the constitutional practice and using the Crown for his own purposes. His Majesty was badly advised by whomsoever he consulted in these matters in granting the Prime Minister's request, both because it was preposterous and because he thereby entangled himself in "the slippery work" of the Constitution-wreckers. But regret is useless; the Crown is now in the business, and indeed, as the Sovereign is an integral part of the Constitution, it is not easy to see how, in a struggle round the existence of the Constitution, he could long be kept out. So that, while we yield to no one in our desire to preserve his Majesty's ease and dignity, we really do not see how, ultimately, the Sovereign can avoid coming to some decision, which must be in favour of one party or the other. We therefore dismiss the argument that the House of Lords should pass the Parliament Bill to keep the King out of the struggle, for the thing to be avoided is already done. It is no doubt probable that the House of Lords, instead of rejecting the Bill, will read it a second time, and amend it in Committee. This would be good policy, because the scheme for the reform of the House of Lords might thereby be reduced to legal phraseology, and laid before the country. But if the Government is in the same mind as it was before the election, it will refuse all amendments and drop the Bill; so that, in effect, amendment will be tantamount to rejection. There then will remain for the Government the remedy which the late Lord Salisbury described as the injection of five hundred sweeps. We have never ourselves believed in the physical possibility of this injection. The creation of five hundred peers would be as much an act of violence as Colonel Pride's Purge of the House of Commons, or the dispersion of the Long Parliament by Cromwell's troopers. It makes no difference, from a constitutional point of view, whether you drive five hundred gentlemen out of the House of Commons, or whether you drive five hundred sweeps into the House of Lords. In the one case soldiers are the



instrument of violence, in the other the prerogative of the Crown. In both cases the Constitution is defied and physical violence is used to crush political opponents. Have we really come to that in modern England? We cannot believe it.

The other argument in favour of the passing of the Parliament Bill by the House of Lords is that the People have really given a verdict in its favour—that the Government is really entrusted with a definite mandate. Can anyone who has read the speeches delivered during the election seriously maintain such a proposition? Neither Mr. Asquith nor Mr. Lloyd George nor Mr. Churchill attempted to explain the details, or even the effect, of the Parliament Bill to the electors. We do not blame them: it is a subject eminently unfitted for popular exposition, and the common story is that the Veto was thought to be a vegetable. The People are random and simultaneous collections of artisans, tradesmen, clerks, agricultural and casual labourers, in various halls and schoolrooms throughout the country. These are excellent persons in their way, and fitted to decide on very broad and general principles of public policy. The division of political power between the two branches of the Legislature, and the adjustment of the machinery requisite to secure that division, are the nicest and most complicated problems which ever have engaged, or ever can solicit, the attention of trained statesmen and jurists. Has anyone the effrontery to pretend that our friends the artisans, the clerks, the labourers, and the tradesmen are competent judges of these problems, or, to do them justice, that they have ever claimed to be so? A little over half the electors of the United Kingdom have voted in favour of keeping the Government in office. That vote should not deter the House of Lords from throwing out the Parliament Bill, which has never been explained to the country. Not until all the details and consequences of the measure have been threshed out by full parliamentary discussion in both Houses will the People—however large you write the "P"—be competent to pronounce upon its principle.

Happily for those who wish to save the British Constitution from the wreckers, these gentry have given away their own case. It is recited in the preamble of the Parliament Bill that the House of Lords requires to be reformed upon a democratic basis. That admission is fatal to the logical position of the Government, and full advantage must be taken of it. Once admit that the composition of the Second Chamber requires amendment, and it becomes very difficult, to rational men impossible, to justify the policy of proceeding with Home Rule, or any other important measure, until the defect is cured. It is now admitted by all parties that the present House of Lords is a branch of the Constitution which calls for reform. To postpone the reform of an admittedly imperfect body, and to use that imperfection as an excuse for gagging and binding the body, so that the Union may be repealed in the teeth of half the electors of England, is not the conduct of a civilised Government. Before deciding what share of political power is to be allotted to the Second Chamber, why should the composition of that Chamber not be agreed on? Because, we are told, Home Rule cannot wait. But the Irish Repealers have had to wait for something like a hundred years. Assuming for a moment that Home Rule is right, why should it not wait for one year more, until the Second Chamber can be reformed? To keep the House of Lords in its present condition, to deprive it of all power, and then to use it to give a colour of legality to a violent dismemberment of the Empire, is a transaction so barbarous that it must be resisted by all the resources of civilisation. These are by no means exhausted. We are not to be cajoled by any appeals to "sanity" or "moderation". We shall leave no method of resistance to the Parliament Bill untried. The Government have elected to fight "gloves off"; we will do the same. Mr. Lloyd George says this Bill is not to be the end of the disabling of the Lords. We do not mean it to be the beginning.

#### THE LIBERAL RESPECTABLES.

I will make for honesty in public life if people will recognise that Liberal Imperialism is dead and gone—as dead as the League, now formally extinguished, which had been founded to revive it. For a very few months it survived the stampede, led by Mr. Asquith in December 1905, from Lord Rosebery to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. In justice to the renegades it should be remembered that over the Trade Disputes Bill of 1906 they made a sort of stand against the aggressive demands of the then independent Labour party. Yet it is cruel kindness to recall the incident. Seldom have right honourable gentlemen with reputations to lose cut a sorrier figure in Parliament than Mr. Asquith, Mr. Haldane, and Sir John Lawson Walton when they stood up in the House of Commons and made a public meal of their previous quite explicit declarations. So far as we know, the Liberal Imperialists in the Cabinet have not since attempted to assert their supposed principles. On the Navy question, it is true, Sir Edward Grey delivered an alarmist speech, in which he announced, with a solemn man's characteristic exaggeration, that the British fleet must be rebuilt. But, if the truth must be told, the tardy awakening of the Cabinet to the advance of German competition was brought about rather by certain Radicals within the Cabinet than by the Liberal Imperialist set.

What act of distinctive policy, what evidence of an independent mind, what proof of superiority to average Radical electioneering methods, can be cited in favour of Sir Edward Grey and the other alleged inheritors of a high-minded Whiggery? We cannot recollect that in the election of 1906 any one of these superfine politicians repudiated, or declined to profit by, the falsest of the yellow-slavery placards. When did any of them discountenance the exaggerations of the big-and-little-loaf agitation? Neither in January nor in December of the present year do we remember any protest against the organised incendiarism of Socialist electioneering. With their own august lips, it is true, the trio of righteous men have refrained from setting class against class, preaching hatred of the rich, or toadying to the crowd. But whatever they may say in private about the Limehouse and Whitechapel performances, they have never dissociated themselves from the most virulent of Mr. Lloyd George's declamations. Not a word of rebuke have they spoken of Mr. Churchill's windiest invective. Once, it is true, Mr. Asquith genially referred to his colleague's "variegated rhetoric"—a phrase which to the Prime Minister's intimate friends may have revealed a secret distaste for tub-thumping antics, but by the general public was naturally and properly interpreted to mean that he saw nothing in it to complain of. What is certain is that he—and along with him Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Haldane—have tacitly drawn advantage from conduct of which they would not themselves be guilty. In the same way, Mr. Parnell did not preach agrarian outrage (at least, not as a rule), but he was particularly careful not to denounce the exploits of the Land League so long as it served his purpose that Ireland should be kept in a state of turmoil.

It is convenient to the Government that social animosity should be kindled and kept alight so long as votes are to be won at a General Election; the demagogues, therefore, are given the word to go in so that the smug Whigs may remain in office. Thus the hypocritical game is encouraged, and will be kept up until the players who give and get the hard knocks begin to ask themselves why their fastidious patrons should enjoy prime pieces of the booty. It is not to be imagined that enterprising politicians like the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Home Secretary relish the disdain of their donnish colleagues. For a time they tolerate it because for the present they cannot do without their Liberal Imperialist bonnets. In order to keep the votes of old-fashioned Liberals, particularly in Northern England and in Scotland, the Young Radicals think it necessary to keep up a certain Gladstonian tradition, so they put up, contemptuously enough, with

Mr. Asquith's portentous dignity, Sir Edward Grey's decorous mask, and Mr. Haldane's classic quibblings. For those eminent worthies we all know they have invented nick-names which, as the historian says, it would be profane to mention. And they maintain the semblance of outward respect just so long as, and not a day longer than, they find these "elder statesmen" useful for hoodwinking the country.

Sir Edward Grey, or his reputation, is still a considerable asset to the Radical-Socialist-Nationalist Coalition. No doubt many of its active members would like either to thrust him out of the Foreign Office or to drag its business on the House of Commons arena. But those enthusiasts, though indulged at times with a field day, are kept under a sort of control by more prudent companions. To evict the Foreign Secretary would alarm many of the steady-going Radicals who excuse themselves for clinging to a transformed party on the ground that it retains one of Mr. Gladstone's rising young men. Mr. Haldane is safe because he is not considered worth powder and shot. If he were to threaten resignation, he would probably be taken at his word; but so long as he is content to be an oracular nonentity he will be left alone. Mr. Asquith is protected under Mr. Redmond's aegis—he is the chosen instrument of Home Rule. Yet it would give food for ironical laughter, were it not distressing, to reflect that these three politicians five years ago had it in their power to determine the whole course of Liberalism. When they joined Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman he had not yet obtained his famous majority. It was with their honoured names that he appealed to the country; their adherence made up to him for Lord Rosebery's defection. By parading them as members of the Liberal Administration he reassured hesitating electors, weary of Unionist staleness, and thus got a firm hold of central or moderate opinion. At that time they were worth a good deal to a Prime Minister not unjustly suspected of anti-Imperial, if not anti-British, prepossessions, and might have made their own terms. It is probable that they did stipulate that Home Rule, under that name, should be excluded from the official programme, but that seems to have been all they got.

Not a statesman in any sense of the word, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was a shrewd judge of men, especially of the puppet order. The performance of the Liberal Imperialists on the Trade Disputes Bill was enough for him; henceforward he played with them as he chose. Never again was he troubled with their conscience. Any discomfort that organ gave them was personal to themselves. His chosen counsellor in foreign affairs and agrarian reform was the young man he had apprenticed to the Colonial Office. The senior colleagues were either set aside or told to mind their own business. The crowning humiliation of Sir Edward Grey's career came when he was bidden to make repeated offers to Berlin in regard to naval disarmament. We have recently heard from the Imperial Chancellor how those obliging proposals were received by his predecessor. To a Foreign Secretary trained under Lord Rosebery, when Lord Rosebery was at his best, it must have been intensely vexatious to be made the mouthpiece of diplomatic flap-doodle. Mr. Asquith, probably, suffered less acutely under the process of breaking in. Assured of a succession which could not be very remote, he made it his business to give no trouble. Yet when his ambition was realised, he again was granted a chance of making for himself a distinctive position. By the middle of 1908 the extreme Radical group had fallen into something like general disfavour; the reputation of dallying with Socialism had estranged from them a considerable body of Liberals in the House of Commons. It would not have been difficult for a strong Prime Minister, as Mr. Asquith was then believed to be, to reconstitute his party on a solid basis, and even to attract to his standard certain so-called Unionists.

From the two elections held within the present year it is evident both that the reaction against Radicalism has set in and that the revival of

Conservatism is still incomplete. Whether on the whole it is not better for the country that Radicalism should be working itself out, and thus eventually leave the ground clear for a rationally constructive Conservatism, is an intricate and perhaps irrelevant question. But simply from the personal side of political history it is interesting to note how utterly Mr. Asquith threw away his chance of winning an individual place in the roll of English Prime Ministers. For a few weeks after his succession to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman he appeared to be hesitating between two courses. Very soon he made his choice, and in fairness it should be recorded that never since has he wavered. To every demand urged by a solid vote he has successively capitulated, until, as a climax of self-surrender, we find the statesman who in December 1905 was denouncing Socialism and bargaining that on no account should he be asked to countenance Home Rule engaged at this moment in an attempt to break up the Constitution that he may pay Mr. Redmond for the use of seventy Nationalist votes. *Corruptio debillimi fortissima.*

#### ELECTION LIBELS.

TRIAL by judge and jury and trial by judge alone are the means recognised by English law for arriving at truth and justice in the affairs of private individuals. It is only when the well-being of the nation is at issue that the law permits a trial by jury without the assistance of a judge; but whereas it is the judge's function in a court of law to rule what is and what is not evidence for the jury's consideration, there is no competent person in a position to render this service to the electorate. It is the more necessary that political advocates should refrain from making allegations of fact which they are not able to substantiate. The free and independent elector is prone to accept as conclusive any statement which he finds in print, and to hold that a leaflet or a halfpenny paper, of whatever colour, proves itself in like manner as does an Admiralty chart. In the end his vote expresses his considered opinion on facts which exist only in his imagination or on the face of an election leaflet.

The temptation is a strong one to some politicians to abandon the old electioneering devices of argument and persuasion and seek rather to enlist the sympathy of the voter by simple repetition of fictions for facts. We need not here discuss the decision in the case of *Simmonds v. Lloyd*; an appeal is entered, and it is for a higher authority to decide whether the facts of that case were such as to support the verdict of the jury. But apart from the merits of the case, the verdict points a moral which should be pressed home in the interests of political purity. It may serve as a reminder, by no means unnecessary at the present time, that printed statements of fact which are placed before the voter in the fervour of an election may later be called in question in a court of law; and that an attempt to deceive the electors on questions of fact may subject the guilty party to stinging damages.

This is no question of mere vituperation of politicians on the other side. Many a man who figures largely in the public eye might find a plea of vulgar abuse sufficient answer to any action brought against him. Indeed it would be difficult to find any election in the last fifty years of English history in which the rules of decency and good taste have been more consistently defied than in the one now happily at an end. But on questions of taste or decency the average elector is perfectly competent to form an opinion, as every public speaker knows, and many a candidate has been sent packing from a working-class constituency because he fell below the standard of good taste in public controversy which the sentiment of his constituents had set up. But it is a very different matter when Jones or his friends circulate the statement that "Smith voted against old-age pensions", or when some one of Smith's allies puts it in print that "Jones voted against fair wages". The thing may be utterly untrue, but

how shall the man concerned prove it to the elector? Jones says Smith did, and Smith says he did not, and there's an end to it, unless, indeed, the statement can be traced to the candidate or his agent, and the party aggrieved can bear the cost of an election petition. But it is not unlikely that the statement inculpating Smith will arrive only on the morning of the polling day, and so deprive him of the sorry satisfaction of telling a largely incredulous audience that Jones is a liar.

Unquestionably there has been a tendency in the public mind to hold that a certain degree of latitude must be allowed to the utterances of orators and of newspapers at election time. So far as this sentiment permits the talking of mere party claptrap it is probably as harmless as it is general; denunciations of lordly tyranny or of American gold are forgotten almost as soon as the posters come down from the hoardings, and few people take them very seriously while memory lasts. Probably the votes they win are paid for at the next election, and nobody is a penny the worse. But statements as to the character and conduct of a person concerned in the election have a far wider and more serious effect. Once let the fallacy gain ground that such representations may be published without due investigation, and no man who values his reputation will adventure it in the political arena.

No man would wish to see the utterances of a candidate or of a newspaper on any political topic more narrowly restricted than those of counsel in a court of law. The fair conduct of a trial is sufficiently secured by the rule that counsel must make no statement to the jury which is not borne out by the evidence called before them. Let him urge as strongly as his powers allow his own interpretation of the facts so proved; let him give reasons good and bad for accepting or rejecting the evidence; he cannot make on his own responsibility any statement of fact whatever. Were it otherwise, many a trial might well result in grave injustice, and the phrase "gentlemen of the Bar" would not long continue to be used without sarcasm. It is not possible to apply so stringent a rule to the conduct of elections, but it is possible to punish the circulation of a statement at once defamatory and untrue.

The efficacy of such punishment depends rather on its certainty than on its measure, and it is to be wished that steps were more frequently taken to set the law of libel in motion. Few evils that can come upon a democratic country are graver than the growth of the idea that politics is a dirty business and unfit for honest men. Politics is the most vital and intimate concern of every citizen, but if it is to be kept from stain it can only be by the efforts of those who are determined to keep out of the United Kingdom the electioneering methods which have found favour in some neighbouring States. Dirt accumulates of itself, but cleanliness comes by scrubbing, and, however unpleasant the ventilation of these matters in open court may be, political health can be attained only by disturbing the garbage. We do not claim for the Unionist party any monopoly of virtue. But we say that it is desirable that such actions should be brought by members of either party whenever there are facts to ground an action. By that means only is it possible to ensure that politics shall be fit for decent men, or that the elector, vote he wisely or foolishly, shall exercise the faculties that God has given him upon evidence which is at least free from the grosser forms of misrepresentation.

#### GERMANY—NEARING THE CROSS-ROADS.

UNTIL the dissolution, wrote a German newspaper a few days back, all speeches in the Reichstag will be delivered out of the window. This week the spokesmen of the Imperial Government have been inviting the German public to inspect what they have to show. Every department has been exhibited as stored with admirable wares. Here and there, indeed, the discerning eye might note a vacant niche. These, Ministers hastened to explain, were to be filled by the

Reichstag after Christmas. The exhibition was opened by the Imperial Chancellor himself in a couple of speeches which are not so much reviews of the situation as descriptions of the character of his Government. That Government represents the organised strength which is the secret of Germany's success. It rests upon the Army, whose victories laid the foundation of German commercial prosperity, and upon the Navy, whose construction is the guarantee of the Empire's overseas trade. The Reichstag, whose parties represent various interests, may co-operate with the Government in building on this foundation. But it must not be forgotten that, as the whole course of German history proves, the one foundation for prosperity is force. Yet it is against this foundation that the Socialist attack is directed, and that is why all good Germans are invited to combine to suppress Socialism and to support the only possible administration.

Such is the Chancellor's thesis, and, strange though it must sound to the English parliamentary ear, it is an accurate interpretation of the German Constitution, and in itself is perfectly agreeable to average German opinion. It was only when the Chancellor sought to establish his case by references to facts that the weakness of his position became revealed. His speeches set out to illustrate three points—first, that Socialism was a menace to the State; next, that his Government stood above all parties; and, lastly, that the Foreign Office was securing Germany her place in the international sun. It is characteristic of his lack of parliamentary skill that he should have badly bungled the first.

The Chancellor's case was, of course, overwhelmingly strong. Condemnation of the recent dock strike for political purposes, or of the hints of sabotage lately put forward in the Ruhr district, might well have met with approval even from Socialists in the southern States. Instead, Herr von Bethmann Hollweg chose to instance the Moabit riots. The trial of persons concerned with these disturbances is now proceeding, and on the day following the speech counsel for the defence argued that as the Imperial Chancellor appeared to know all about it, he ought to be summoned as a witness. The presiding judge was then forced to announce that Herr von Bethmann Hollweg's opinions would not influence the judicial mind. It is not the first time that excess of zeal in attacking Socialism has made the present Chancellor appear ridiculous.

In endeavouring to prove his independence of party the Chancellor was on much more difficult ground. The facts are eloquent against him. Prince Buelow was forced to resign because of Conservative and Clerical opposition to his financial proposals. Herr von Bethmann Hollweg took his place, and while producing no counter-scheme of his own was content to accept whatever the majority offered him. That cannot be got over by a reference to comic papers, nor is it countered by a promise to support industrial interests in the commercial negotiations with Sweden and Japan. All Germany believes that in the matter of finance the Government has followed the agrarian majority, and not the least serious feature of the situation is that this majority is no longer master of its former supporters in the country. The Chancellor's speech was delivered immediately after a bye-election in an agrarian constituency in East Prussia, which the Conservatives have held for twenty-six years. The district has now returned a Radical by a large majority. Well might one of the censured comic papers observe that the most popular man in Germany was Herr von Bethmann Hollweg's successor.

Yet, in spite of everything, the Chancellor looks forward to the next election with complete cheerfulness. Suppose that things go as badly as possible for his administration, the probable upshot of it all will be to convince the German public that the present Government is truly the only possible Government. The next Reichstag may quite conceivably present a majority to the left of the Centre, but will that majority be able to act together? There is no love lost between the



Radicals and the Socialists, and if both parties return from the polls with increased strength, each will feel it is doing its duty by voting against the other's measures. The farce may continue for a month or so, and then the Reichstag will be dissolved and the discredited Deputies left to explain their conduct as best they can to justly exasperated constituents. The constitutional movement would be destroyed and the bureaucracy left in control of the situation.

It is not, however, the Chancellor's object to achieve anything so catastrophic. It may be necessary to teach the Radicals that if they will not work with the Government, they will perish at the hands of the Socialists; but Herr von Bethmann Hollweg has shown some anxiety to save them from this humiliation. His observations on foreign policy were directed mainly to the Constitutional Left, and his words certainly carried weight. Not the least remarkable feature of German political life is that influential newspapers, which in domestic matters write of liberty and constitutionalism and Prussian brutality and all the rest of it, are among the strongest supporters of the Government's foreign policy, or even criticise it for lack of vigour. There seems a general belief among the industrial classes, including not a few Germans nominally Socialists, that the foreigner, and especially the Englishman, is plotting day and night to trick the German out of his due share of the world's trade. In deference to this view the speech of the Foreign Secretary was quite apologetic in tone. German interests had not been sacrificed in Morocco, and no unnecessary concessions had been made to Russia in Northern Persia. In the present state of the public mind it may be accepted as certain that a reduction in the naval programme would be strenuously opposed by all the National Liberals and most of the Radicals. On the other hand there exists a certain apprehension that the agrarians may push Great Britain a little too far, and by creating bad blood hinder trade. The Chancellor made the best of both worlds with considerable skill. There would be no limitation of armaments without a settlement of outstanding economic and political differences. The statement gives him a free hand with regard to the naval construction vote of next year. The Navy League is agitating for more Invincibles. The Chancellor is now in a position either to reject this demand on the ground that the existing standard of naval strength has given Germany all she wants, or to recommend its adoption on the ground that Britain has proved obstinate.

And there Herr von Bethmann Hollweg is content to leave it. That support of the Government involves giving as well as taking is a fact hardly realised by the National Liberals, and not realised at all by the Radicals. The party chiefs must think things over and consider whether they are prepared to enter into a bloc on the lines of that formed by Prince Buelow in 1906. If so, they must lose no time in educating the electorate in the elements of political action. The German who is discontented with things as they are votes for the Socialists, never considering that he would be infinitely more discontented if the Socialists had their way. The Socialists, for their part, keep pretty closely to the metaphysics of politics in the hope that somehow they will rush the working classes into revolution. The Government has no reason to fear such enemies as these, and Ministers have used stronger language than the facts warrant. As it is, and as it is long likely to be, the Socialist party can obstruct but can do no real mischief.

The real danger of the present situation does not lie so much in the agitation of the Socialists or in the narrowmindedness of the Radicals as in the incapacity of the people themselves. In the readiness of millions of the electorate to give a sterile and meaningless vote lies the secret of Herr von Bethmann Hollweg's contempt for Parliaments and for the moral authority that the German Parliament falsely claims to possess.

#### EUROPE AND THE GREEKING.

FOR nearly fifty years Greece has been in a condition of national decay. Whatever chance of revival there may have been after the years which followed the War of Independence, it has long ago vanished. At first, and indeed till quite recently, Greece was the pet of the Western Powers. Whatever scrapes she got herself into she could always count on her kind friends to extricate her. But this sheltered condition exists no longer. There is a strong—the strongest—group of Powers who would rather please Turkey than Greece, and who, on the slightest provocation on her part, would promptly leave her to her fate. Among other matters which the members of the Triple Entente have mismanaged are the fortunes of Greece. They encouraged her pretensions for years, and in the end almost handed Crete over to her altogether, but when the decisive moment came it was allowed to slip by and nothing was done. The consequence was naturally to cause grave discontent in Greece without allaying the suspicions of Turkey. The Greek dynasty was gravely imperilled, and now for nine months or more Greece has been in the midst of a constitutional struggle. The dynasty has been saved though humiliated, and a dictator has been installed in office. Will M. Venezelos succeed in establishing anything like order and political stability? That he can really regenerate a polity corrupt and rotten to the core it is hard to believe; but it is of consequence that Greece should not get out of hand and in any way conduce to the outbreak of trouble in the Near East. Beyond this her internal affairs are of no interest whatever to the civilised world.

There is no reason to doubt that there has been a genuine desire on the part of some Greek military men to sweep away the worst part of the corrupt political régime under which the country has been living for years. They did not, unfortunately, go about their work in the most tactful way. Military reformers rarely do; but it was a pity that King George did not frankly endeavour to assist them and keep their action within reasonable limits. He seems now to have given his confidence to M. Venezelos, and it may be hoped that they will work harmoniously together. This is the only chance of a successful outcome of the attempt at reform. Through the King the Powers have hitherto been brought in from time to time to play the machine-guns' part, but it would appear that at length they are becoming tired of the rôle, for they declined to back Greece when the Porte demanded a disclaimer from her of any intention of annexing Crete in August of last year.

Should M. Venezelos actually succeed in establishing something resembling decent political conditions in the country, he will have deserved well of Europe, which cannot at the moment afford any encouragement to disturbance in the Balkan regions. The determination of the most powerful not to permit such outbreaks is clear from the declarations of the German Chancellor. Everyone can understand now that there is a definite working arrangement between Russia and Germany, and that of course includes Austria. The only effective combination for aggression in Europe is therefore the Triple Alliance: the Triple Entente is relegated to its original objects. The Isvolsky policy disappears from the scene, and the idea of cold-shouldering Germany must be given up. As Turkey is now *au mieux* with the Triplice, the whole tendency of things is distinctly bad for Greek ambitions. They will be wisely directed to an internal cleansing rather than towards external expansion. If M. Venezelos can make the Athenian population as well as the agrarian districts satisfied, he will have done something to revive the interest of Europe in the future of Greece, to which at present she is profoundly indifferent. So far as King George is concerned, he has not succeeded in making either himself or his dynasty popular, but he has been of use to the country, though he has lacked strength and moral influence. The Powers have made themselves the defenders of his dynasty in all

circumstances: at one time their ships were almost at his beck and call. There must of course be limits to this, but it is hardly likely that in the circumstances Greece would ever try to rid herself of her present royal family. The financial control exercised by the Powers also forbids any excursion by Greece into foreign complications. This salutary restraint acts, however, as a serious check upon desirable expenditure for defence. It may well be that, if the new broom sweeps clean enough, there will be a relaxation of the financial bonds which at present hold wild ambition in check. But M. Venezelos has first to prove his capacity to effect the reforms desirable. It will be interesting to see how far he can translate into action the undoubted popular desire for improvement. But the corrupt interests are so strongly entrenched that the faith which removes mountains, accompanied by some strong capacity for action, is required in the reformer. One danger-point is to be clearly seen in Thessaly, where the Mohammedan landowners are a standing difficulty. Any pretence that their rights are being infringed will be enough to bring Turkey on the scene, and the Porte is only too anxious to have some ground for interference. The Young Turks are still spoiling for a fight, and weak, distracted Greece offers a much more likely field for their enterprise than solid and well-equipped Bulgaria.

When, if ever, the necessary reforms in Greece have been effected and made permanent, then M. Venezelos may prove to be the best medium for approaching Turkey on the Cretan question. The protecting Powers have bungled this matter so seriously that they are clearly out of court. Also all influence at Constantinople has passed out of their hands. The Triple Alliance is for the moment predominant there. Yet conceivably some arrangement might be come to between Turkey and Greece. But no external development can be encouraged or looked for till Greeks have shown some capacity for self-regeneration and for making sacrifices for the common good. A decently conducted Greece will be a boon to Europe, though a small one. Her record, however, does not encourage us to hope for it.

#### THE CITY.

WITH the aid of cheaper money and the settlement of the boilermakers' dispute the Stock Exchange has managed to recover from the effects of the General Election. The technical condition of markets being very healthy, a little buying sufficed to start prices merrily upwards. Public support is not yet conspicuous, but professional dealers are in more hopeful mood. Consols have made a brisk advance, although confidence in an immediate reduction of the Bank rate has materially abated, the idea now being that the  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. minimum will see the year out. The boilermakers' agreement has strengthened Home Rails, and the Scottish stocks got the advantage of an announcement that the Admiralty had placed an order for a super-Dreadnought on the Clyde.

The sentiment of the Stock Exchange has so much improved in the last few days that some dealers profess to expect fairly active markets during the final Account of the year, but inasmuch as the period will be badly broken by Christmas festivities the majority do not anticipate a very noticeable increase of business. Americans have been vigorously supported in Wall Street, but on this side very few transactions are reported. Canadian Pacifics remain steady, and in the Grand Trunk section bear repurchases have put prices higher. The Hudson's Bay interim dividend of £1 per share, against 15s. last year, is regarded as an indication of improving business under the new management. Some highly satisfactory traffic returns by the Argentine railways have so far failed to inspire public enthusiasm, but some activity in this direction later on will not be surprising.

The Christmas dividends on Kaffir shares make a satisfactory beginning. An interim distribution of 8s. per share on New Modderfontein, against 8s. last year, is particularly good. The Robinson's 15 per cent., the Ferreira's 150 per cent. and the Village Deep's 5 per

cent. are the same as a year ago, while the Knights Deep bonus of 6d. a share is an increase, the Consolidated Main Reef's 5 per cent. interim compares with  $7\frac{1}{2}$  for the whole of 1909, and the Simmer and Jack declaration is  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. higher. These and other dividends to come should attract attention to the prosperity of the Rand; but speculators nowadays seek better opportunities for profit-making in the Rhodesian market.

The principal dealings in the rubber department this week have been in price lists. Several firms announced that on certain days they would sell their lists of quotations instead of giving them to brokers, and as a result nearly £250 was collected for charity. The recent advance in Indian tea shares has been justified by some satisfactory interim dividends on account of the year now ending. The Neddeem and the Singlo companies, which made no interim distributions a year ago, announce 5 per cent. and 3 per cent. respectively. The Doonars Company has declared  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., against 5, and the Empire of India and Ceylon  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., against  $2\frac{1}{2}$ . These are a few, and they may be taken as a clear indication that the total payments of the various companies for the year will considerably exceed—in some cases double—those of the preceding twelve months. The prospects of the tea-planting industry are promising, and, despite the advance that has already occurred in share quotations, the outlook is still favourable.

Lord St. Davids is to be chairman of the Associated Portland Cement Company, whose affairs need thoroughly reorganising. Lord St. Davids' genius as a reorganiser is fully recognised in the City. The Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway owes its prosperity largely to his skill and foresight, and it will be strange if he cannot put the Cement combine on a sounder financial basis. The company is grossly over-capitalised, but the position has been made worse by excessive foreign competition. No doubt a working alliance with some of the biggest competitors will be made, and in the meantime the office of vice-chairman is being left open "in order that it may be available whenever it seems desirable to fill the vacancy". The City is trying to guess who the other new director will be.

It is some five years since negotiations for the amalgamation of Allsopps with Salts and the Burton Brewery were first entered into. At one time a board of directors of the proposed combine was provisionally formed, but the scheme ultimately fell through. Now negotiations have been opened up again between Allsopps and, it is believed, the Salt Brewery, but the utmost secrecy is maintained, and it is impossible at the moment to discuss the matter. It is understood, further, that negotiations are in progress between other big firms in "the trade" with the view of reducing expenses to meet the increased taxation imposed by recent legislation.

#### INSURANCE.—BACHELOR POLICIES.

PARENTS and guardians were at one time inundated with circulars giving particulars of ingenious plans for the insurance of children, even of the tenderest age; at another time a concentrated assault was made on the purses of women; then, again, the benefits of educational annuities and endowments were generally extolled; and so on. Now it is the turn of unmarried men to receive actuarial attention. Already two prominent offices have issued policies offering special inducements to assure in anticipation of matrimony. The problem to be solved was how to force life assurance on a person who has no immediate need for its benefits: a problem, by the way, which had hitherto baffled the expert. Experience had shown that the majority of young men who are not contemplating marriage are not easily persuaded of the urgent need for protection, and most insurance men recognised that old methods of attack were futile.

The actuaries of the Legal and General and Star Life Assurance Societies—the first to renew the attack—appear to have started from nearly opposite sides. In

the scheme put forward by the Legal and General, the main inducement held out is the practical certainty of a high rate of compound interest being earned on any capital invested: this because the Legal and General pays such handsome bonuses. In the rival plan, profits do not enter into the calculation; there is no medical examination; all benefits are guaranteed; the premiums are extremely moderate, and they can be paid monthly if desired. Between two such divergent schemes there can be no real competition; they indicate two distinct policies—the one appeals to the wealthier classes, the other to the masses. Both, however, effect their object with considerable certainty.

Under the Legal and General's plan the holder of a "bachelor policy" is afforded a safe and remunerative investment, coupled with full life assurance benefits immediately after marriage. Provided health is satisfactory at the time the policy is taken out, the assured can obtain an endowment of, say, £500, payable, with bonus additions, at the end of any selected term of years; and should he marry during the period the endowment is automatically converted into an endowment assurance payable—equally with profits—at the expiration of such term or at previous death. The advantage of such a contract is indisputable. No second medical examination is required; the premium payable on marriage is that for an endowment assurance at the original age of entry—just a little more than the cost of the endowment. Furthermore, there can be no loss of capital, for should death ensue during the endowment period all premiums are returned to the estate. Of course, the probability is that the assured, although remaining a bachelor, will survive until his endowment matures. In that case his investment is almost certain to turn out well; the one doubt being as to the ability of the Legal and General to maintain its bonus distributions. Assuming it succeeds, the approximate rate of compound interest which would be realised would, allowing for income tax, range from £4 3s. per cent. for a ten-year endowment up to £4 18s. 6d. per cent. were the term extended to thirty years. Naturally, no pledge in regard to future bonuses is given, but the admirable record of this office justifies a belief that they will be maintained.

In the scheme devised by Mr. J. Douglas Watson, the actuary of the Star Life Assurance Society, the inducement to begin saving at once is equally self-evident. For an assurance of £1000 payable at death after five years, premiums ceasing before the age of sixty is reached, the annual charge ranges from £13 10s. at the age of fifteen up to £25 15s. at the age of thirty-five, while the alternative monthly premiums advance from £1 4s. 2d. to £2 6s. 8d. All sorts of pockets are therefore appealed to; there is no restriction as to residence, travel, or occupation; and there is no need to dread the doctor. By paying £15 7s. 6d. yearly, or £1 8s. 4d. monthly, a man aged twenty next birthday is entitled at the end of five years to an assurance for £1000 payable at death; or (2) to an endowment assurance for £828, maturing at the age of sixty or prior death. Or, again, he can select a pure endowment for £1000 payable at the age of fifty-six, but not at earlier death.

As in the other case, steps have been taken to prevent the actual loss of capital. In the event of death occurring during the initial five years all premiums are returned, and should Option No. 3—a pure endowment—be chosen, and death subsequently occur, the result of the transaction would probably be somewhat better. Provision is also made in the contract for the possible desire of the assured to drop his policy before the endowment age is attained, in which case all premiums, except the first, would be paid to him, together with compound interest at the rate of 3 per cent. In the worst circumstances, therefore, the investment would in most cases yield a substantial profit. And it has to be remembered that the main object of the policy is to obviate the possibility of the life becoming uninsurable, or being rated up, when matrimony makes life assurance a necessity.

## TWO MONTHS OF THE PORTUGUESE REPUBLIC.

By EXPERTUS.

### III.—A "FLUKE" REVOLUTION.

WHEN the Portuguese revolution took place we read a good deal in the London newspapers—but not so much in the Paris or Berlin papers—about the superhumanly clever way in which the republicans had laid their plans, the blinding rapidity with which they struck, the air of stern tragedy which enveloped this whole-world-shaking event. As for the Portuguese republican newspapers, they were so delirious with joy and admiration that, with new paragraphs every third line, with dashes and broken sentences and notes of exclamation innumerable, their leading articles looked like some sort of wild, broken, unrhymed poetry after the Walt Whitman pattern.

But, as a matter of fact, there never was such a stupid, ill-planned and fortuitous coup d'état. It was a strike instead of a revolt. It was a Punch-and-Judy business, a Teheran revolution. The correspondents who happened to be on the spot when the event actually took place naturally tried to make our flesh creep; but now that we have the whole story of the revolt before us, one is more inclined to laugh than anything else.

As the "Povo de Aveiro" (No. 1383) points out, this terrific combat, which lasted three days and three nights and entailed an enormous expenditure of blank cartridge, resulted in the death of—sixty-five men! And some of these sixty-five—I will not say all—certainly committed suicide out of pure fright. A few hundred men of the Royal Irish Constabulary could undoubtedly have put down this disgraceful row inside of a few hours. On the ludicrous aspect of the affair I will not, however, insist. What I want to show is that it was a "fluke" revolution. This is an important point, for if it is satisfactorily established it proves that the republic is not built on a very solid foundation, and explains the extreme rigour of the present censorship.

Senhor Brito Camacho, the leading republican editor, said that the new régime was welcomed throughout the country "com delirante entusiasmo", and so did the correspondent of the "Matin". But an independent journalist, Senhor Homem Christo, declares that, on the contrary, it was supported by nobody at all in the country, and in Lisbon principally by the maltrapilhagem (the rag-tag and bobtail). I happen to be in a position to confirm the latter writer's statement, for I travelled through Portugal two days after the revolution, and noticed no signs of rejoicing outside Lisbon save the hoisting of a republican flag by a few youths at one of the railway stations. In Lisbon the principal strength of the republic certainly seemed to reside in the street mob. I must admit that, on the other hand, the rest of the people are apathetic—the poorer classes because of their laziness or ignorance, the political "bosses", statesmen, officials, generals, etc., because of their unreasonable disgust with the King for going away or of their treachery.

The plans of the revolutionaries were puerile, and the military forces at their disposal consisted only of half the 16th Infantry Regiment and part of the 1st Artillery Regiment. These men attacked the royal troops near the Necessidades Palace and were routed. Utterly disorganised, they fell back into the Rocio, a square in the centre of the town, and they remained there for a time, not because of their bravery but because of their cowardice. They feared that if they attempted to run away they would be shot down by the royalist troops on all sides of them. According to Otto von Gottberg, a Prussian officer belonging to the Lutheran Church, who visited Portugal for the "Lokalanzeiger", the crowd in the Rocio looked quite formidable owing to its being swollen by the addition of a troupe of acrobats who had been performing close by and who could not get away. The writer accordingly calls the coup d'état "die Revolution der Seiltänzer" (the revolution of the tight-



rope dancers). The correspondents of the "Temps" and the "Journal" took much the same view. There were no signs of a mutiny in the fleet, and Rear-Admiral Cardido dos Reis, their chief leader, became so discouraged that he blew his brains out. According to an interview with Captain Sá Cardosa, published in the "Diário de Notícias" of 15 October, the situation was as desperate for the revolutionaries as it could possibly be.

"At the corner of Alexandre Herculano Street", says Captain Cardosa, "... there was a hot skirmish which threw us into confusion. There was a panic and our column marched in disorder to the rua Castilho. We then went in confusion into the Rotunda."

The captain goes on to say that there only remained to them one hope, the hope that six hundred bluejackets would be disembarked at Terreiro do Paço at 8 p.m. In this hope they were disappointed, for they heard that the bluejackets could not land.

"Then we got from the fleet a fresh communication to the effect that the republican cruisers were in favour of sending an ultimatum to the land forces. This ultimatum was to be: 'Surrender, or we shall bombard the city and afterwards send our own vessels to the bottom'. . . . By this time my anxiety, already great, had become terrible. A council of officers was called. Among those present were Machado dos Santos, who had continued to devote himself to defensive preparations on the Avenida, also Fontes Pereira de Mello. At this council the situation was made clear. We were surrounded by three thousand men with mounted artillery. Our position was dominated by higher ones like Tharel, Graça, Penha, S. Pedro d'Alcantara, etc. The enemy had fifteen machine-guns and might at any moment make a simultaneous attack down all the streets. The unanimous opinion of the council was that the situation was hopeless, and that in a few moments the square in which we stood would probably be the scene of a frightful massacre.

"All the officers were overcome by the same extreme despair as myself. Several sergeants, whose names I shall not mention, counselled us, when we had explained the situation to them, to return to barracks. But their responsibilities were much less than those of the officers, who now prepared to flee in disguise.

"One of the sergeants came to me with tears in his eyes and said 'Then all is lost!'

"I replied in the affirmative and prepared to flee like the rest. Then Senhor Cabral, a lieutenant of cavalry, brought us civilian garb which two of the 'populares' had given him and we got into an automobile in order to escape. We tried to get Machado dos Santos to accompany us so as to save his life, but, mad with enthusiasm, he refused to listen to us. We left, sadly convinced that in a few moments the Rotunda would be a pool of blood. We went towards Villa Franca, and it was there that we learned next day from trustworthy persons that the republic had finally triumphed."

How, in these circumstances, did the republic triumph? Well, the broken refugees who were crowded together in the Rotunda learned that the king had fled and the royal troops had broken, so they went and took possession of the Necessidades Palace. Their leader was Machado dos Santos, a lieutenant in the navy.

But it was not he and the disorganised rabble under him who won the victory. It was the royalists who gave the victory away. When the rebels had been driven back from the Necessidades they retreated in the greatest disorder through a labyrinth of streets commanded from the heights above, held by the royalists, and swept by side streets, also held by those magnificent troops the Municipal Guards, who outnumbered the republicans by six to one. The Municipal Guards could, according to the admission of all the republicans themselves, have swept the streets clear with a few volleys. The royalists did fire, but as somebody had thoughtfully provided them with blank cartridges their fusillade did not cause many casualties. However, we shall come to that point about the blank cartridges later.

The really interesting point is this: Who had turned traitor—the colonel commanding the Municipal Guards,

the Minister of War, the Estado Maior? Probably that point will never be cleared up. It may have been incapacity that lost the day and not treachery. On the occasion of the Oporto revolt none of the big brass generals did anything. With charming modesty they unanimously left all the responsibility to a young captain, who was slightly insane but who nevertheless succeeded in squelching the revolt. This time the slightly insane young subaltern happened to be on the other side in the person of the "broken" naval officer, Machado dos Santos. All the sane officers among the mutineers escaped, as we have just seen, in disguise.

Dos Santos was thus left for many hours in an open square along with a gang of shivering mutineers whose one absorbing thought was how to slip quietly back to their beds. Against him was an overwhelmingly superior force commanded by a General Staff and hundreds of able officers. But unfortunately all this dazzling array of talent remained in the Estado Maior cursing King Manoel for not putting himself at the head of his troops. Among them was the Minister of War, who was not once on horseback during those two critical days!

An impartial civilian, Dom Antonio Gonçalves da Costa, who lives near the Rotunda, gives us, in a letter published in the "Diário de Notícias", an idea of what went on behind the republican barricades. This letter does not confirm the accuracy of those photographs in which we see desperate patriots crouching behind the barricades prepared to sell their lives dearly. But as those photographs were all taken some days after the event I cannot admit them as evidence. According to Dom Antonio, the Rotunda was practically empty at five o'clock, when all the great field marshals, generals and strategists who sat trembling in the General Staff were convinced that it was filled with a desperate band of revolutionary soldiers.

So far the republican side. The witnesses on the royalist side are unanimous in complaining that for some reason or other blank cartridges had been served out to them. Even with the blank cartridges, however, they could have quickly frightened the mutineers into unconditional surrender, and were rapidly proceeding to do so when they received the order to retire. This statement is made by Captain O. Paiva Couceiro, the brave and capable officer who held the heights of Quelhas. According to an interview published in the "O Porto" of 16 October, he offered to sweep Lisbon clear of rebels in half an hour (varrer os revoltos), but to his amazement he was told to retreat. Captain Martins de Lima confirms this statement, and says that he actually proposed to arrest all the Ministers for treachery, but was dissuaded by his comrades.

Senhor Archer da Silva, a friend of the Premier, tells in the same newspaper an amazing tale of the Cabinet's apathy.

"The Government took no notice", he says, "of what was going on. The Premier could be found neither in his own house nor in the General Staff. If you tried to get the officers to discuss the situation they shrugged their shoulders and changed the subject. Military men who lost their temper on account of this inactivity were arrested. Colonel Celestino, formerly Governor of Timor, volunteered to fight for the King, but his offer was coldly declined. Senhor José d'Azevedo, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, drew me aside and said 'What a shame, Archer! What a shame!'"

In short, this revolution has no element of stability. "It was born in a barrack-room", says Senhor Homem Christo, "and it will die in a barrack-room." Both the royalists and the republicans acted in that haphazard way with which the Central American revolutions have made us familiar, but the royalists happened to be slightly the more haphazard of the two. Had they just remembered to supply all the suspected soldiers with blank cartridges instead of allowing the suspected soldiers to supply them—well, things would have turned out very differently.

## A DREAM OF PARADOXIA.

I DREAMED I was in the land Paradoxia where many things did not happen as one would expect them to happen among ordinary people. Yet I could not help thinking vaguely now and then that these things were not wholly new to me, and that I must have met with them in some other state of existence. A great war seemed to be going on, to judge by the talk of the fighters on either side. Not only the fighters behaved as if they could not live any longer if they lost the day, but there were many men whose task it was to write about the war, and several of these were more agitated than the warriors themselves. They wrote at a high pressure, and strode about with hectic looks, seeming to live and move on wires. They called aloud on the people to read their versions of the war, and sometimes rode or ran behind the warriors pricking these on to action with their sharp pens. They gave one the idea that they felt the war might fizzle out if they fizzled out. They were, I take it, the comic historians of this great fight.

The country being Paradoxia, the great mass of the inhabitants were not so very much excited; they did not in the least give one the idea that they could not live any longer if their side lost. They came out in large numbers to see the fighters, but often they looked more amused than alarmed; and they drank and laughed and shouted as if they might not quite know why they were drinking and laughing and shouting.

Paradoxia for hundreds of years had been ruled by two great castles. One castle is in a lonely wood of ancestral oaks, a wood well preserved, a little aloof from the jostle and everyday life of the Paradoxians. The other castle lies in the plain—a bare and level plain where molehills pass for mountains and thistles for forest trees. It is not closely preserved, and day and night the gate lies open.

Laws are made in Paradoxia and government is carried on, not, as one might suppose, by the politicians agreeing, but widely and constantly differing among each other. The more they differ the better, it is said, the system works. Now the cause of the great conflict I found to be this: the men who lived in the castle amid the ancestral oaks had tended for years past not to differ enough. Attempts had been made to change this. Many of the most notable men of the castle in the plain, famed for their habit of differing, had been sent away from time to time to the castle amid the ancestral oaks, but ere they had been there very long they ceased to differ; so that the men in this castle were more and more given to look at things in the same light, and to agree among each other. This will never do in Paradoxia, where agreement is looked on as stagnation.

In Paradoxia they have uncommon views as to politics and ways of government. The Paradoxians love freedom above all things. They wrested and differed from one another for hundreds of years till they got it, and now everyone, no matter what his party, exalts freedom to the skies. "Bind us, bind us ever with fresh laws", is the prayer of these Paradoxians, "that we may enjoy more and more freedom!"

Then as to their executive. As they live on an island they have to keep up a great fleet; and at the head of this fleet they put always a man who has wisely never had anything to do with the sea. They have an office supreme over all the trade of the country; and very likely, if they can find him, they will put a great philosopher in this place. They are quite as singular in the way they choose other great officers of State. When I was in Paradoxia I found they had just appointed as High Treasurer—whose business it is to hoard the money of the Paradoxians—a very clever man who had no experience of money bags, so that when he got these he spilt the contents here, there, and everywhere. He was regarded by many as one of the black fairies of Paradoxia. Then they have a great office that stands supreme for law and order. They had lately put into this a very clever man who did not care about the law. So he stood outside his office and said to his constables: "Away with that lady there who may throw a stone at

our glass house any moment. What do you mean by allowing such a woman here? Put her off the steps immediately; and mind—be very careful indeed in hoisting this lady down not to hurt her in the least. She is doing no harm whatever." And then he told his chief magistrate: "All those women have been causing a disorder and I will not have disorder. So my constables are charging these women, and you are to let them off forthwith."

But what the High Treasurer and the head of law and order were chiefly busy with at this time was not the women and the windows—they were determined to do away with the castle in what they regarded as the backwoods, and to cut down the ancestral trees. The poor people of Paradoxia, vowed these black fairies, have had enough snapwood—it is time they got timber instead. Therefore they led their leader into battle, and there was a great fight; and at the end it was found that a hundred of their friends were slain, and that half (less a fraction) of the Paradoxian people were against the black fairy and his party in the castle on the plain, whilst half the Paradoxian people (plus a fraction) were on his side. There was a truce after that for a time, and some of the great men in both castles met and tried to work out, by differing among themselves, a lasting peace; but it seems that this time they over-differed and war was declared again suddenly. Both sides brightened and sharpened their weapons and the noble fairies of the castle in the backwoods got out all their splendid armour. I remarked one in particular, Lord de Breakspere, who was full of high mettle, armed head to foot, and mounted on his hunter.

But, almost at the moment before the clash, the most dazzling of all the fairies in the castle in the wood came on the scene with a Paradoxian scheme for getting the victory over the black fairies of the castle on the plain. I had marked this one before. He was dressed as an archer in brave green and primrose. He had been in the castle in the wood many years, but belonged, he said, to no party or section. This was Prince Charming. He would shoot his arrows into the air, aiming even at the heights. Some people said these arrows fell to earth they hardly knew where; but the arrows were beautiful, and it was fine to see this matchless archer shoot.

Each of his shining arrows had a barb fine finished, yet it was so pleasant to be shot at by him that many a man would gladly have taken all the arrows into his own breast. And now he came to the fore and unfolded the master plan. "You are in deadly danger", he told his friends. "I have piped to you for years, but you would not dance. Now this is the one and only way to save our castle and our people. We must straightway dismantle all its forts, and must pile our arms in a great heap outside for all the world to see. Then they all will know we are in earnest and we can go into battle and overcome our foes." In what other land save Paradoxia could such advice be given? Even in Paradoxia it might not have been taken had it been given by anyone less brilliant and powerful, any one less of a patriot-statesman, than Prince Charming.

When Prince Charming had persuaded all his fellow fairies—pro-consuls, hierarchs, deep thinkers, great financiers, and even one whom I felt to be the strongest of all, a viceroy—they made short work of that which it had taken their forefathers so many hundreds of years of brain and blood to build. Hardly differing at all among themselves, they pulled down those strong forts and towers which men of the castle in the plain had often stormed against and broke themselves in past days. They cast their towers of defence and the armour of that castle on a scrap-heap outside. All this they did openly, calling the enemy to note what they were at.

I feared in my dream lest the enemy should threaten come and take this beautiful, defenceless castle. Yet, strangely, the enemy stood aside with averted looks and called on the Paradoxian people not to be caught in an ambush!

It was then I heard the High Treasurer use an expression which I hope never to hear again. He said: "Why, it's like taking the butter out of one's mouth!"

"Beware," said the black fairies, "they are pulling down only that they may rebuild and make stronger than ever."

So the black fairies in the castle of the plain went angrily to the people of Paradoxia once more, and the other fairies went likewise. The end of that battle was just about the same as the end of the first battle. About half the Paradoxians declared there must be a strong castle high in the wood as well as a castle low on the plain, and about half (plus again the fraction of last time) declared the other way. It is a drawn battle, I said with a catch in the breath as I looked on and heard the pens of the comic historians at it harder than ever.

But now men began to murmur and mix their metaphors: "Where is Prince Charming, what has he done? Why did he draw all the teeth of that noble castle, and put out its eyes and shear its locks, though twice within a year half the people of Paradoxia have declared in its favour? It seems to us that this last arrow of his has buried deep its barb in what we, like him, hold very dear."

My dream ended at this point, for I had a nightmare and fell down the great, dark staircase of the ancient, glorious Constitution of Paradoxia, and Selden and Pym and Edward I. and William III. and Burke came tumbling with me.

#### IMPROVING PARIS.

By ERNEST DIMNET.

THE Boulevard Raspail, the last of the bold thoroughfares with which Baron Haussmann wanted to embellish Paris, is finished. I do not mean to say that it is more finished than nine in ten Parisian roads: it is broken with quagmires in its lower part and obstructed with great hillocks of ashlar and Merovingian-looking wooden structures in its higher section; but you can go from its suburban end near Bartholdi's Lion de Belfort to its conjunction with the Boulevard S. Germain and the old Rue du Bac and not meet worse obstacles than may be encountered, say, in Constantinople. You need not fear the old joke of finding that the house you want is separated from you by six or seven streets, as it might have been in the twenty years during which the Boulevard Raspail consisted only of disjointed sections like a broken stick. Now, when you enter it from the Boulevard S. Germain you see it push southwards in a powerful sweep—the latest and proudest of all the insolent upstarts which are ranging through Paris. It rises and curves gently, and would not be destitute of grace if it had not that parvenu confidence; but boulevards in their youth always look like bullies.

How could it be otherwise? They are conceived by engineers whose brains are full of dynamite, and their birth makes one think of a tornado. It was not altogether so with this Boulevard Raspail. Its scattered sections had been built years ago, and the trees along its sidewalks had long ceased to be expectant saplings. They had become sturdy fellows like those in the many gardens they overlooked. It seemed as if the boulevard had just been the freak of Haussmann's dotage and had gone to sleep the moment the old gentleman had gone to his rest. Long after it had been begun an enterprising architect, like the prophetic sparrows who in times of drouth think nothing of building right in the waterspout, had taken in for himself a nice bit of a garden in one of the unfinished sections, and run up across the road a comfortable mansion in which, to the general amazement, he serenely settled. It looked like tempting the devil, but architects know best, and this one managed to make a fortune, raise a family and marry his daughters before his house was knocked down, which it was in less time than I take to tell it. For when the typhoon rose it was terrible. The old houses in the Rue de Grenelle and the Rue de Varenne—shabby old houses they were, though jostling princely mansions—seemed positively to jump out of sight in clouds of dust. The quarter was full of con-

vents, with large mysterious gardens. The hurricane broke through their walls and quincunxes, brutally exposing charmilles and nooks of cloisters which three centuries' quiet had made venerable. The convent of S. Thomas de Villeneuve was the only place which the demons of 1793 had somehow respected. In a short time a broad gap was methodically made through its shady grounds. For two years you could see their pleached avenues spreading disconsolate arms towards their fellows, and religious sentences painted on the walls staring at the irresponsible passers-by. On the other side of the Rue de Sèvres the Abbaye aux Bois awaited its fate a little longer, though here Combes and a Hebrew syndicate of builders had joined their efforts to the mischievousness of the plague. How many a lover of the past had stood opposite the formal old convent thinking of Chateaubriand's daily visit to Madame Récamier! One nun still living there had seen him day after day getting out of his carriage at the gate and carried upstairs to his friend in a sedan-chair. Nothing had changed there, and the image was vivid. The broad staircase, marked in a half-conventual half-military way with an "A", still led to Madame Récamier's rooms still occupied by some old lady boarder. Behind the high garden walls the little graveyard still told briefly the monotonous history of the officières of the house. One day the place at last was cleared. I remember seeing four or five of the nuns sadly getting into a van, carrying, as nuns will, little bags and baskets. Then the pulling-down began. The workmen attacked first the wing opposite to that of Madame Récamier. The house had been strongly built, and parts of it would remain hanging in the air in an apparently impossible manner. It was so with Madame Récamier's rooms when they came to them. She had occupied two different apartments. The one on the first floor—that in which she had died and which I had visited several times—was gaping on to the half-demolished stairs; the other—two little rooms at the top—was untouched and looked like the watchman's garret on a tower. One day I felt an irresistible impulse to see this, which I had never visited. Ascending carefully the aerial steps, I came at last to the aerial landing and found myself before the little door. I had expected to find it open, but it was shut, and when I tried it I found it was locked. I did not like to lose this last chance, and I weighed on the door with all my strength. It resisted. After a minute's hesitation I was going to retrace my rather giddy steps, when I noticed that the old bell-handle was still hanging from the rope. Madame Récamier had often touched it; Chateaubriand, Sainte-Beuve, Lamartine had touched it. The soul of a burglar awoke in me; I set about trying to twist the handle off. But everything in this old convent was tough and unwilling to go. I vainly used all my strength, while the bell inside every now and then jingled plaintively. Suddenly I looked up and saw through the opened peephole a woman's face, with a bandaged swollen cheek, staring at me. I forget what I said or did.

A week later the last stone of the Abbaye had rejoined the others on the neat heaps in the courtyard. To-day a little street, which the Municipal Council duly dubbed Rue Récamier, marks the site of the famous rooms, and the grounds of the abbey are covered with garish, over-balconied houses. Opposite, a huge American hotel combines with the Bon Marché to give to the neighbourhood a fine modern appearance. Further up, balconied houses with beautiful greenish attics bear witness to the taste and elegance of the architects. The problem with modern architects is to run up as many storeys and throw out as many balconies as regulations and solidity will admit. I have no doubt that when they pass the two or three noble façades in the Rue du Regard which their exertions have exposed they shrug their shoulders at the contemptuous unaffectedness of their predecessors and meditate revenge. Alas! their revenge is sure. The beautiful mansion where Victor Hugo wooed Adèle Foucher has been laid low, and will not await long its horror with green attics. The other old house, where he took her a few



hundred yards away when she became his bride, and which seemed so safe behind the deep gardens in the Rue Notre-Dame des Champs, is now alone and deserted behind a threatening paling. It evidently knows its fate. I looked in the other day and asked the concierge whether the new people would leave at least the old garden in its present state. "Garden, sir?" she answered. "It is a street which those Jews are going to make here."

Yes, a street: that more houses may be built, more balconies thrown out, and more money made. Outside, the Boulevard Raspail loudly proclaims the gospel of modern life and modern architecture: destroy, crush, lie and pretend, but make money by all means.

#### THE TRUTH ABOUT "THE LIARS".

IT was a happy thought of Sir Charles Wyndham to revive in the course of the dulllest theatrical season within living memory one of the lightest and best of the comedies of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. There has been many an evening during these last weeks when those who look earnestly for improvement in modern theatrical entertainment have in hope sunk deeper than the plummet.

"By Heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly  
Who bids me be of comfort any more."

But "The Liars" has changed all that. It is, in truth, an excellent piece of comedy. Nothing so good in style and workmanship has been produced for an age. But that is not the precious fact about it; nor is it the reason why this revival shines out like a good deed in a naughty world. Witnessing "The Liars" one could rejoice; the season's misery dropped away. And the splendid and comfortable thing about "The Liars" was this—the play was out of date.

From the first there was not a doubt of it. This revival, of course, was an agreeable and polished performance; and it is hardly necessary to say that it is vastly more amusing to listen to the epigrams and pleasantries of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones than to sit through many a more modern play by a younger man. But you could not get away from the feeling that in being amused by "The Liars", or in approving it, or in finding it tedious or stupid, you were not approving or condemning a contemporary product. You were interesting yourself in the amusements of an antique world. The play was years old; years and years; in fact, more than ten years. That was the wonderful and encouraging thing that sent the critic away from the theatre glad, and uplifted, and extremely grateful to Sir Charles Wyndham for having so seasonably reminded him that, despite the apparent hopelessness of the theatrical outlook, it is at least beyond question that during the last ten or twenty years we have moved from where we were; that there has been real and measurable progress.

Yes: we are better than our fathers who lived five years ago; better still than our grandfathers who lived ten years ago; and immeasurably better than our remote ancestors who pleasurably laughed and wept at the plays of Tom Robertson. I admit this with extreme reluctance; for I have a strong suspicion that all progress is an illusion. Consider, for example, the illusion of speed. We are commonly supposed to travel faster than our fathers travelled. The actual fact is that nowadays one does not travel at all. Whatever else one did in the stage-coach of our ancestors, it is beyond dispute that one travelled. The wheels flashed under you into invisible spokes; you rumbled and jolted and swayed to the tune of galloping horses. To-day a travelled man is one who goes to sleep in London, and wakes somewhere north of the Tay Bridge. In a railway carriage you may sleep, or dine, or read the newspaper, or prepare a political speech; but no man could possibly imagine himself to be travelling. Nor does one travel in an automobile. You may in a hazy sort of way deduce that you are in motion from the amount of wind which seems to be going the other way.

This illusion of speed is a branch of the popular superstition that we do things better than our fathers—a superstition that has no ground in experience or reason. Nevertheless I am afraid I must admit an exception in the case of stage plays. Here was a comedy—"The Liars"—written scarcely more than ten years ago; and already it was out of date. We had left it behind. Moreover, this startling conviction was thrust home in the middle of a dramatic season more than usually lacking in dramatic interest.

Let me explain this more carefully. "The Liars" is a better comedy than any produced in the autumn of 1910. Then where is the advance? Why was the performance of Mr. Jones' play an occasion for bounding hope in the future, and a reluctant belief that here at last was progress, solid and not illusory? The reason is that, while Mr. Jones' play does succeed in being something, one or two of the comedies staged this season in London do not quite succeed in being something better. Mr. Jones in "The Liars" aimed at a type of comedy purely artificial, and already reduced to a formula. The authors of "Nobody's Daughter" and of "Just to Get Married"—two plays of the season—have aimed at getting beyond the formula that satisfied Mr. Jones and his audiences of twelve years ago. They aimed, in fact, at getting nearer to real men and real women, and further from the half-dozen stage types with which we have grown so familiar. I do not say that the men and women in the new plays are actually more real than the men and women of Mr. Jones. That is not the point. The point is that many of our playwrights (including Mr. Jones, who, like Sir Arthur Pinero, contrives by means of a skilful make-up to remain of the same age dramatically as his grandchildren) are doing their best to kill the old stage types and to put something better in their place. And the public is helping them. If you wish, nowadays, to puff a play you do not say that it is clever, or consummate in workmanship, or brilliant in dialogue. You say that it is "human". "Nobody's Daughter" is undoubtedly a popular success. It would be a troublesome business to write down the names of all the newspapers in which "Nobody's Daughter" was described as a "human" play, or even as "intensely human". And I would cheerfully give half a sovereign to every ordinary person who saw the play and did not say of it at the end that, whatever else it was, certainly it was "human". Our dear grizzled friend, the elderly man of the world, who says wicked, clever and cynical things about love and marriage; who is really good at heart, and full of excellent advice for everybody in trouble—he, already, is a thing of the past. The man with the monocle must take himself to limbo, there to consort with the elderly duenna whose lorgnette was but a few years since the supreme distinction of our stage. The comedy of ingenious intrigue, of artfully imagined situations, of elaborate dialogue abounding in epigram and finesse—all this will have to go. Now we must be human and simple. We must come a little nearer to life. Above all, let us, if we possibly can, get away from type. Well, it is all in the right direction. We may not actually be writing as good comedies as our fathers succeeded in writing ten years ago; but we are trying to do something more difficult. Let us be quite cheerful about it.

I must admit that I intended in this article to lose my temper. I intended to think steadily for ten minutes of all the *réchauffé* work adapted from the French, of the American farces, of Mr. Hall Caine, of all the second-hand tenth-rate stuff which has in the course of the season found a way to its own particular public. I then intended to let myself go in a review of the total mass to the extent of as many columns as the editor would permit. But, after all, where is the use? Everything to be said of this season would have to be said again of the next. Let us rather dwell on the brighter side. What if Priscilla has run away at the Haymarket for weeks without end? A term has been put to the exile of Maurice Maeterlinck. What if the Duke of York's is bereft of Mr. Shaw and Mr. Barker? Mr. Somerset Maugham is groping his way

back from stilted play-making to a better vein. What if our young men fail to write comedies as clever or as well-sustained as "The Liars" or as "The Case of Rebellious Susan"? They are aiming hard at a finer thing. Moreover, Mr. Hall Caine has this season failed miserably to draw. There are even signs that Mr. Caine will presently leave off writing altogether. It cannot surely be from sheer affection for his own productions that he now limits himself to serving up his old plays and stories under new names. Here, indeed, the prospect is almost bright. Moreover, there is now at least one playhouse in London where one may be wonderfully at ease. I shall never object to criticising any play performed at the Little Theatre. There are comfortable lounges well beyond earshot of the stage, where one may retire and dream, undisturbed by facts as they are, of a national and rejuvenated drama. Nor let us forget that we have had Aristophanes on woman suffrage, Mr. John Masefield on Pompey the Great, one small play by Mr. Shaw, and no new play by Mr. Jerome or by the Baroness Orczy.

Let us therefore, for want of something better to do at the moment, affirm the progress of our drama. It is possible that things might be worse than they are, and certain that things are better than they have been. There is, as we have seen, a consoling truth about "The Liars". Our best playwrights (and Mr. Jones was of the best of his generation) would not attempt to write it now. Whenever the critic is tempted to lose his temper—that is, speaking generally, whenever a new play is presented—let him remember this for his comfort; and then let him make up his mind à tête reposée to wait for all the good things in store twenty years hence for his great-grandchildren.

P. J.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## HOSPITAL FINANCE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

92 Victoria Street, Westminster S.W.  
10 December 1910.

SIR,—Mr. Sydney Holland professes to have written a letter to you on 10 December in reply to one from me which appeared in your columns.

The letter asserts that Mr. Sydney Holland knows more of the working classes than I do. This purports to be a statement of Mr. Holland's opinion about himself which need carry no weight beyond its source of origin.

The letter affects to give voice to the contempt of Mr. Holland's class for the working man, and expresses the inability of its writer to believe that these inferior persons can possibly possess sufficient intelligence, education and acumen to write the letters that have appeared in the "Times" from the pen of their accredited representative.

No statement of fact made by these despised working men is traversed and no argument advanced by them on those facts is combated in the letter bearing Mr. Sydney Holland's signature.

And as the last paragraph of this letter is quite unintelligible and the entire style of this lucubration most feeble and insignificant, it seems to me quite clear that it was really written by some callow junior clerk or perhaps by a scrubber at Mr. Holland's hospital.

Your obedient servant,

STEPHEN COLERIDGE.

[Our correspondent speaks of "Mr. Holland's class". Would he kindly tell us what is his class? Are they not both guilty of being the sons of peers?—ED. "S. R."]

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

7 December 1910.

SIR,—I should like to draw attention to the animus and inaccuracies in Mr. Stephen Coleridge's letter in your last week's issue.

I will first take the reference to the £1576 alleged to have been wrongly paid out of the general funds of S. George's Hospital to the medical school and laboratory. I may remark in passing that this transaction is the only one of those mentioned in Mr. Coleridge's article in the "Contemporary Review" which seems to have survived the solvent influences of time and daylight; and quite naturally so, for, if I correctly remember the contents of that article, it recited a long string of incidents which were, by the mere facts of their dates, ruled out of court by the very authority which Mr. Coleridge himself invoked, viz. Sir Edward Fry's committee. And yet Mr. Coleridge, who is I believe a barrister-at-law and clerk of assize, not content with thus solemnly citing a host of facts which any judge in court would at once have dismissed as irrelevant, now portentously observes that "no one has had the temerity from that day to this to challenge or dispute the facts I there and then set forth". I myself thought that the reason why no one took the trouble to comment on that article was that the average reader might safely be trusted to see for himself that it was all moonshine.

To this statement, however, let me frankly add, there was an apparent exception in the aforesaid sum of £1576 paid by S. George's Hospital, inasmuch as it was paid in 1909—that is to say, subsequent to the date when the King's Fund began to enforce the ruling of Sir E. Fry's committee. But it was an exception in appearance only, so far at all events as the King's Fund was concerned, for the letter of the hon. secretaries recently published in the "Times" showed clearly that this particular transaction had not yet, and could not have yet, been adjudicated upon by their Council. It seems to be forgotten that the King's Fund has no executive authority whatever over hospitals, and can only act retrospectively by inquiring into anything that needs elucidation before allotting a fresh contribution. This is exactly what it is doing, as the hon. secretaries of the Fund carefully explained to Mr. Garrity, of the Metropolitan Radical Federation, in the letter that appeared in the "Times". Mr. Coleridge stigmatises that reply as "quite unsatisfactory", and says the Federation "promptly demolished it with penetrating acumen"; but this rhetorical pronouncement is based only on the statement that some medical man at S. George's, in his individual capacity apparently, "flouted" Sir E. Fry's committee, and that the King's Fund, probably never having heard of the gentleman in question, failed to suspect in advance that the responsible governing body of S. George's intended to do something wrong. Thus we have a trained lawyer abusing the King's Fund, which is an impartial and quasi-judicial body, for not acting before the facts come before them; and this I say shows animus.

Then Mr. Coleridge criticises freely the constitution of King Edward's Fund, stating with engaging sweetness that they "represent no one but themselves", and that "such a body can with impunity sanction with one stroke the robbing of the poor"! He adds that the "Council have entrenched themselves by some legal document beyond the reach of proper criticism from those whose money they manage". Pretty language this for a high legal official to use of a body set up by a special Act of Parliament—an Act carefully considered and settled by the responsible Government of the day, in order to meet an extraordinary situation for which there was probably no exact precedent in history. What was that situation? The answer to this question is the best comment on all the further moonshine about "robbing the poor" and "precluding the working classes from any participation in the management of the King's Fund".

The situation was that the Prince of Wales (to celebrate, if I remember rightly, Queen Victoria's Jubilee of 1897) had invited subscriptions to be devoted to assisting the voluntary hospitals of London, and that the response had been enormous, in sums freely offered to the illustrious founder of the Fund. For instance, Lord Mount Stephen gave his Majesty the sum of £100,000 to be placed to capital, not to speak of many other princely gifts, and many legacies were bequeathed

to the Fund, some of very large amounts, such as the contribution of Mr. Sam Lewis. It is not too much to say that to-day the hospitals of London are solvent owing to this great conception, and of the money now being distributed I suppose at least one half comes from the interest of capital; that is, to a considerable extent, of those large sums given or bequeathed mainly out of personal regard for King Edward.

This was the situation—this extraordinary success attending a personal effort—that had to be faced when it seemed good to King and Parliament to make careful provision for the future governance of the Fund. Apparently Mr. Coleridge shares the opinion of Mr. Garrity that he could have settled a much better scheme than Mr. Asquith. If so, and especially if they really see any case here for working-class representation, let them both by all means try to amend the Act, but by proper methods, and not by bringing against the Council and committees accusations and criticisms so offensive and so baseless that they would not get a moment's hearing in the court in which Mr. Coleridge himself sits.

Your obedient servant,

X. Y. Z.

P.S.—Since this letter was written, the new awards of the King's Fund have been published, and prove clearly that at S. George's Hospital the Council are loyally enforcing the recommendations of the Fry committee.

#### THE BACON-SHAKESPEARE CONTROVERSY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

604 South Flower Street, Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A.  
21 November 1910.

SIR,—May I draw the attention of those of your readers who are interested in the subject, and are doubtful as to the authorship of the Plays and Sonnets, to a book entitled "Shakespeare's Sonnets. Never before Interpreted. His private friends identified. Together with a recovered portrait of himself", by Gerald Massey, published by Longmans in 1866?

There was a later issue, privately printed, called "The Secret Drama of Shakespeare's Sonnets", almost rewritten, the author having in the meantime received fresh light on the subject.

The Sonnets, instead of being biographical as generally regarded, are, according to Massey, dramatic, telling the story of the author's friend the Earl of Southampton, the characters speaking for themselves, amongst whom are the Earl of Essex, the Dark Lady, etc.

Lord Coleridge has called the book Massey's magnum opus, "a wonderful marshalling of evidence, perhaps the most learned work on Shakespeare ever written".

Yours truly,

A. K. VENNING.

#### MR. R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM AND ENGLISH ART CRITICISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Flatford, East Bergholt, Suffolk,  
12 December 1910.

SIR,—One is pleased to see your many-sided correspondent, Mr. R. B. Cunninghame Graham, with his fine contempt for things English, championing, by implication, the forlorn cause of the "Post-Impressionists". He tells us that "the renegade who has two pictures of cart-horses [at the New English Art Club] has either run out of his Vandyke brown, or whatever they call the stuff, or else he has been looking very carefully at the methods of the Post-Impressionists, for his pictures convey that purple tinge that a dark horse presents in certain lights, to any but a purely English eye". If Mr. Cunninghame Graham will study Thornbury's "Life of Turner", he will find that the English painter pointed out this fact to one of the Trimmers many years before it had been noted in France.

"As a Scotchman, a member of an inferior race", of course Mr. Cunninghame Graham is entitled to draw his artistic inspiration from Paris, or any higher source. Inferior races do not, as a rule, originate: they appropriate the discoveries of others; but it is well that they should acknowledge the true discoverers.

Mr. Cunninghame Graham speaks of "the purely English" criticisms, by Ruskin, of Whistler and Rembrandt. Mr. W. G. Collingwood, in his "Life of John Ruskin", begins: "If origin, if early training and habits of life, if tastes, and character, and associations, fix a man's nationality, then John Ruskin must be reckoned a Scotsman"—a statement borne out by Ruskin's published pedigree. Mr. Cunninghame Graham may run his head against things English, as long as he pleases himself, and others, by doing so, but he can scarcely expect to impress upon his readers a scorn for English art criticism by quotations from that of a Scottish writer. Nor can he expect Englishmen who know the achievements of their own countrymen to be much affected by the belated knowledge of superficial outsiders.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

H. P. HAIN FRISWELL.

#### ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND FREE TRADE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

20 Queen's Road, Wimbledon S.W.

12 December 1910.

SIR,—At this juncture perhaps the following, taken from Ingersoll's lecture on Lincoln, may be of interest:

"This speech was in favour of a tariff not only for revenue, but to encourage American manufacturers and to protect American working men. Lincoln knew then as well as we do now that everything to the limits of the possible that Americans use should be produced by the energy, skill and ingenuity of Americans. He knew that the more industries we had, the greater variety of things we made, the greater would be the development of the American brain. And he knew that great men and great women are the best things that a nation can produce—the finest crop a country can possibly raise. He knew that a nation that sells raw material will grow ignorant and poor, while the people who manufacture will grow intelligent and rich. To dig, to chop, to plough requires more muscle than mind, more strength than thought.

"To invent, to manufacture, to take advantage of the forces of nature, this requires thought, talent, genius. This develops the brain and gives wings to the imagination. It is better for Americans to purchase from Americans, even if the things purchased cost more.

"If we purchase a ton of steel rails from England for twenty dollars, then we have the rails and England the money. But if we buy a ton of steel rails from an American for twenty-five dollars, then America has both the rails and the money."

This argument for a tariff has always seemed to me to be unanswerable. It would be interesting to know what the nation thinks of it.

Yours obediently,

H. R. GAWEN GOGAY.

#### INDIAN SEDITION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Burma, 28 October.

SIR,—In view of Lord Minto's "Apologia" at Simla and Sir W. Fraser's recent article in the "Nineteenth Century" the list of publications proscribed by the Indian Police is noteworthy. Eighteen publications are named in one week's issue of the "Gazette of India and Burma", and rarely during the past year has the number of forfeited pamphlets fallen one week below half a dozen. This is only a sign that the current of sedition, euphemistically called "Unrest", is still running deep and strong. Another is the hardly veiled disrespect for Europeans in the large towns. We whose work is in India cannot forget that on Lord



Curzon's retirement sedition, even if it existed, did not dare to show itself. The abandonment of Sir B. Fuller, at the dictation of mutinous Babus and schoolboys started the movement. Since then the extraordinary vacillation of Government has kept it alive. To attempt to deprecate the verdict of history is futile. The natives of India care nothing for far-fetched analysis of motive. By acts they judge a man or a policy. No native who can be induced to give his opinion freely believes that Government has acted disinterestedly. The recent concessions are regarded as extorted: the result of the murders of English women and officials and the dread of further trouble. This view is of course mistaken, for Englishmen are not usually cowards. A philanthropic zeal for "constitutions" encouraged by the great Non-conformist conscience and the travelled wisdom of our Macdonalds and Hardies is motive enough. In India the sensitive hearts of Whig Viceroys have never failed to throb responsive to such appeals. Result, a series of benevolent but mischievous measures which, meant to conciliate, have alarmed the main prop of our power—the Native Princes. They distrust "popular government", which in their opinion connotes an influence harmful to their own authority. From the first these independent Princes have suppressed and punished the agitators. We alternately threatened and cajoled, punished and forgave, impulsively and without consistency. The colonel of a regiment or the master of a school who thus managed his business would be considered weak and incompetent. Why should a Viceroy claim to be judged by a less exacting standard?

ANTI-HUMBUG.

## JAPAN AND AMERICA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Yokohama, Japan, 19 November 1910.

SIR,—The sentiment among the Japanese at present is so intensely anti-American that it is hard to realise. The yellow press of the States has for so long called "Wolf!" that there is great danger of ignoring the present plain facts. Japanese children are taught in their geography classes that Honolulu and Manila are Japanese; and "landing of an Army Corps in California" is an article of faith in Nippon. War with the United States is regarded as certain in the interior of Japan. In the old Treaty ports the idea is put aside for business reasons. There is a short and sharp awakening coming to the American Army and Navy.

As an impartial observer I merely wish to place on record my firm belief that war between Japan and the United States is merely a question of time.

I am, Sir, faithfully yours,  
WALTER PHELPS DODGE.

## THE NEW REGIME IN TURKEY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

23 November 1910.

SIR,—Since the advent of the new régime in Turkey, and more especially during the last few months, it has been apparent that many of the promises made by the Young Turks in and subsequent to July 1908 have not been fulfilled. Although I do not think that the rule of the Young Turkish Government is more cruel and oppressive than was that of Abdul Hamid, yet there is no doubt that but few improvements have been introduced. I have just received a letter from a most trustworthy correspondent in Macedonia, in which the following passage occurs:

I was away four days at Yenidji Vardar and was very much pained with all the terrible cruelties that have been going on there—tortures such as were inflicted on suffering humanity in the Middle Ages. All the men of the village were kept standing twenty-four hours without food or drink; after that twenty-four hours more on one foot only, and still no drink, but cruel blows for every small movement; after that prison and beatings on the soles of the poor swollen feet. Prison has lasted some weeks, and the court martial is now letting the men out as innocent, but their feet in many cases are a mass of jellied gangrene. Several have died.

at Monastir was bound as tight as possible to a tree with new cords, then hot water was slowly poured on the cords to make them draw tighter still; he was then beaten on the feet while two military doctors kept their hands on his pulse, to say he could still bear a little more without dying, because the object is not to kill but to torture, to make the man perhaps a cripple for life, to take the heart out of him, to render him incapable to earn his own living or that of his family.

Meanwhile the soldiers always draw the cordon round a village towards evening, while the cattle are still out grazing on the mountain, and this ensures that the cattle, left to themselves, will ravage the vineyards and the poor peasants lose their crop for the year.

Such is the state of things in European Turkey. The Bulgarian Constitutional Clubs have been closed by order of the Government, but the internal organisation is still in existence. Greek shipping has been boycotted with the consent of the Turkish authorities, but good feeling has not been established between the Ottoman Greeks and their Moslem fellow-countrymen. How soon bands will again become active entirely depends upon the manner in which the Young Turks carry on the Government of Macedonia.

Yours faithfully,  
FAIRPLAY.

## KINEMATOGRAPH SHOWS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The fine protest published in your paper with regard to certain circumstances of the Crippen trial encourages me to crave your kind attention for a somewhat kindred grievance.

The cinematograph theatres now swarming in all parts of London, in provincial cities, and even in small country towns are a national amusement of the first importance. No one who has the most fleeting concern for the due recreation of the people can feel otherwise than grateful for these entertainments, already a source of continual delight in forlorn places, and having, no doubt, possibilities of considerable development. Specially are they welcome as affording, for a few pence, hours of pleasure and instruction to children.

It is a matter for the keenest regret that the photographs shown, in the main excellent, sometimes include exhibitions not merely painful to any person of feeling but highly unsuitable and shocking, if not positively injurious, to the children.

Anyone who has accompanied children to the theatres in question knows that they never take their eyes from the screen, greedily taking in every impression both pleasant and painful. They accordingly sometimes see sights as full of horror as those in a famous chamber to which decent-minded persons never conduct their young people.

It is essential to the spirit and intent of this complaint that I should emphasise what appear to be the extremely satisfactory and desirable features of the cinematograph entertainments. I have lately seen, in the company of children, many series of admirable pictures (for instance, charming views of Prague, the Sächsische Schweiz, Canadian scenes, duly solemn and reverent pictures of a royal funeral, as well as pleasantly illustrated fairy stories and comic sketches of a quite permissible order).

It is therefore with no little regret that, never feeling secure from disturbing interludes of murder scenes and other unwholesome spectacles, I have determined for the present to no longer take child-friends to the electric theatres.

Some time back the usual gentle and academically distant reproof appeared in the "Times". Even then the censure was directed solely against artistic flaws. Without expecting the cinematograph authorities to be versed in the principles of the "Laokoon", one might put it to them, if only as a question of business expediency, whether their houses would not be as well filled if the more violent and repulsive phases of the programmes were omitted. It is distressing that so much good fare should be spoiled by unsavoury items.

Lest any raise the familiar counter-charge of

"squeamishness", let me add that tragedies have actually resulted from little children imitating deeds witnessed on the cinematograph screens.

I must beg you, Sir, kindly to accept my apologies for the length of this communication, and to allow your high authority to bring into general light a very pressing evil.

I remain your obedient servant,  
P.-B.

#### THE "BABES-IN-THE-WOOD" BALLAD AND AN OLD COLLEGIATE CHURCH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Merton Rectory, Thetford, Norfolk.  
12 December 1910.

SIR,—I am very anxious to secure the interest and help of antiquaries and lovers of the old ballad. Those conversant with the "Babes-in-the-Wood" ballad will remember the opening lines:

"A gentleman of good account  
In Norfolk lived of late".

The story was published in 1595 at Norwich by Thomas Millington. It is not folk-lore, for close to my rectory its local habitat has been fixed from time immemorial. Here is the Wicked Uncle's house (formerly an old manor house) and the Wayland Wood (corrupted into "Wailing"), the scene of the reputed tragedy. All this and more I have set forth in a work on the subject published by Messrs. Jarrold.

One mile distant is the old collegiate church of Tompson, founded as such in 1349. It formerly served as the cathedral church of the district, with a master or rector and six chaplains. Stripped of its endowments at the Dissolution, the lay impropiator stipulated to pay a stipend of twenty pounds per annum. Of late no incumbent could be found to undertake the responsibility, for the church is in a pitiable state of decay and dilapidation.

It is built on grand lines, has a beautiful fourteenth-century screen, a fine Jacobean pulpit and reading-desk, and a wealth of old poppy-head benches, while underneath the whitewash is fresco-painting. The miserere seats of the master and chaplains are still extant, while hacked up to form the backs of horseboxes (sic) is the chapel fifteenth-century screen. The church has ever been the delight of archaeologists and antiquaries.

I have now taken over this parish of three hundred people to work with my own, and I appeal specially to antiquaries and lovers of the old ballad for help to preserve this old historical landmark.

It is hopeless to patch: £1600 is required, otherwise the church must become a ruin. At present I have fitted up a church hall for services and parish work. The Bishop of Norwich, with some leading antiquaries, Lord Walsingham, Dr. Jessopp, H.H. Prince Frederick Duleep Singh, among others, are backing my appeal.

If I should have interested any of your readers sufficiently to pay me a visit and see for themselves the church, the Wicked Uncle's house and the Wayland Wood, they would receive a warm welcome from

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES KENT (Rector of Merton),  
Author of "The Land of the Babes-in-the-Wood".

[We hope this appeal will be successful.—ED. S.R.]

#### SUNSET.

OF all his ruin'd panoply, alone  
Of all the plumed pomp his quiver chose,  
Falls on the fields now dark'ning one by one  
A shaft of amethyst, a shaft of rose.

Alone, his thrall, the unforgetful sea  
Flings up afresh her evening frankincense,  
Lifts to him dead a louder litany,  
Echoes the knell of his omnipotence.

SANDYS WASON.

## REVIEWS.

### THE CHINESE SEMIRAMIS.

"China under the Empress Dowager." By J. O. P. Bland and E. Backhouse. London: Heinemann. 1910. 16s. net.

THIS is the most instructive and interesting book on China that has appeared since Mr. Michie's historical biography of Sir Rutherford Alcock brought the story of the Englishman in China down to A.D. 1900. Writing while the Boxer movement was still in flood, Mr. Michie remarked that "the relations of Prince Tuan (the chief Boxer leader) with the Empress Dowager were as obscure as the intricacies of palace politics usually are to contemporary observers". The work before us dispels that obscurity, and shows us in pregnant pages not only the ebb and flow of opinion and passion and outrage while the Boxers were dominant in Peking, but the part taken by the Empress and her chief Ministers and advisers in the drama. We have been led to notice this feature at the outset on account of its salient importance and the exceptional character of the documentary evidence which the authors are able to adduce; but it is, after all, only an episode in the career of the remarkable woman whose biography they disclose. Starting from the days of her childhood, we are carried through the whole romantic history of her rise from the position of third-class concubine of a weak and dissolute Emperor to that of ruler, not only in title but in power, of the Chinese Empire. It is a fascinating story, based on abundant material, and told in restrained and well-chosen language that carries the reader easily along.

So many fables have been related as to Tzu Hsi's origin that it may be well to note, at the outset, that the stories told to her disparagement in this respect are untrue. The Yehonala family, of which she was a member, traces its descent to a Manchu prince whose daughter married (in 1538) Nurhachu, the founder of the present dynasty. Her father held hereditary rank as captain in one of the Eight Banner Corps, and died in office as Taotai of a circuit in Anhui. His family were well cared for by a relative, and Tzu Hsi herself was well educated as Chinese education goes. Shortly after the death of the Emperor Tao Kwang she was selected, among others, to be concubine to his successor Hien Fung whom she presented, four years later, with a son; and from that moment her status was assured. Already, by the time of Hien Fung's flight to Jehol, in 1860, she had attained a position of influence which neither his apparently well-founded jealousy nor the intrigues of rivals were able to undermine. Her personality was, in fact, sufficiently marked to enable her at his death, in the following year, to inaugurate the daring intrigues that carried her through dramatic risks to the position of Co-Regent (with the Empress-Consort) to which she aspired. The story of the methods by which Prince Tsai Yuan and his associates persuaded the enfeebled Emperor to nominate them as Regents; of their defeat by Tzu Hsi's more successful machinations; of correspondence carried on with Prince Kung by means of one whom she afterwards promoted to be chief eunuch; of escape from destined assassination on the road to Peking by the help of a young captain of Imperial Guards named Yung Lu; of her forestalling and arrest of Tsai Yuan and his colleagues—is as remarkable as the personality of the extraordinary woman who emerges dominant. Nor is the contrast between the facts and the language of the Edicts in which they are presented to the world the least interesting feature of the chapters in which it is related. Looking on this picture and on that, the attentive reader will be in a position to discount, henceforward, the plausible tales of incident and motive which Imperial Edicts are made to tell.

This characteristic is exhibited with peculiar effect in the picture of an institution which one of the Regent's brothers has lately described as "the inherited disgrace of a thousand years" but which has remained

unaffected, so far, by diatribe or decree. Memorials denouncing the demoralising influence of the eunuch system have been addressed to the Throne for centuries, without effect; "and the Empress Dowager, under whose rule the evil assumed monstrous proportions, was ever ready to play her part in the elaborate farce by solemnly approving the views of the critics and by professing the greatest indignation at the misdeeds of her eunuch myrmidons and retainers". The evil influence of these parasites on the youthful Emperors who are brought up in their midst, and on the State through their corrupt influence and intrigues, can hardly be characterised in language too scathing. Yet the intimacy to which Tzu Hsi admitted her chief eunuchs and the extent of their influence with her were as notorious as the presumption and insolence which they developed, and instances are given in which their dislikes and misdeeds had grave and far-reaching effect. A memorial (quoted on page 107) by an ex-Viceroy of Canton voices the hatred and condemnation which finds periodical expression; but it would seem that nothing short of a holocaust will compass their destruction.

The gem of the book is a translation, extending over fifty pages, of a private diary covering the period from January to August 1900 during which the Boxer crisis was at its height. The writer, Ching Shan, a kinsman of the Empress Dowager's family, was in close touch with the Manchu nobles and had therefore exceptional opportunities of learning all the gossip of the Court and knowing the opinions and movements of the high officials who stood nearest the Throne. Day by day, almost, he records visits and conversations which exhibit the character and doings of the chief magnates in the empire in relation to the outbreak. We see the Manchu princes for the most part believing in Boxer superstitions and urging the Empress to support them à outrance. We see other (especially the Chinese) members of Council deprecating their pretensions, and Yung Lu especially denouncing them to the Empress, warning the Viceroys against being misled as to their capacity, and refusing to let his men take part in the siege of the Legations. We see Chang Chi-tung, in his character of opportunist, asking whether he should come north with his troops to help in destroying the barbarians; and Liu Kung-yi, the great Viceroy of Nanking, telegraphing that he would be ready to march up with all his forces to repel a foreign invasion, but declining to lend them for the purpose of massacring a few helpless foreigners. We see a group of Boxer princes and chiefs bursting into the courtyard of the palace where the Emperor and Empress were sleeping, and the old Empress confronting them alone, rating and ordering the princes to prostrate themselves and ask pardon for their insolence and calling the guards to decapitate the Boxer chiefs on the spot. So enraged was she, in fact, that it seemed for a while likely that the Yung Lu influence would gain ascendancy and the siege of the Legations be raised; but news of the repulse of the relief force again changes her mood. When Yung Lu asks her what she would do if the Boxers were defeated, and Peking captured by the foreigners, she replies: "The three cardinal virtues of government are to simulate affections, to express honeyed sentiments, and to treat one's inferiors as equals". How successfully she carried out these maxims after the return from Si-ngan, the Blue Books and records of tea-parties are there to show! And so the diary carries us on to the entry of the relieving forces and the flight to Si-ngan. Scarcely less interesting than the frankness of the language in which the writer records his sympathies and opinions and those of his acquaintances are the despatches in which Tzu Hsi glosses over and distorts, for the benefit of foreigners, her own policy and the incidents of the siege. Complaint is sometimes made that textual inclusion of edicts tends to interrupt the narrative; but a good deal depends on the method of introduction, and the translations of Chinese documents form unquestionably a valuable feature of the present work. Misleading at times, with a plausibility that is almost hypnotic, but honest and clear-sighted often when addressed to the

Throne, they afford lesson after lesson as to motives and springs of action and Chinese ways of thought. One thing traceable throughout is the note of enmity to foreigners. The more fanatical would torture and massacre. Others, wiser, deprecate hostilities because they are conscious of inability to succeed; and others, like Yung Lu, would escort the Legations safely to the sea. But all or nearly all would like every foreigner to be expelled from China. The Empress shares the aspiration; but is less thoroughly convinced than Prince Tuan and his friends of the validity of Boxer pretensions to success, and appears anxiously doubtful, at times, whether her moderate councillors may not be right.

We have little room left to review the scenes and incidents which marked the dramatic close of the Sovereigns' lives, and can quote one episode only in reference to each. The story of Yuan Shih-kai communicating to Yung Lu the Emperor's order for his execution, instead of obeying it, is well known. It is that which dictated his dismissal when the present Regent came to power; and knowledge of the incident inclines one to accept as genuine a sentence the Emperor is alleged to have prefixed to a testament written the night before his death:

"We were" (it is said to run) "the second son of Prince Chun when the Empress Dowager selected us for the Throne. She has always hated us; but for the misery of the past ten years Yuan Shih-kai is responsible and one other (the second name is said to have been illegible). When the time comes I desire that Yuan may be summarily beheaded."

More remarkable, perhaps, because more surprising is the answer ascribed to the Empress herself when, almost in articulo mortis, she was asked to pronounce her last words:

"Never again" (she is reported to have said) "allow any woman to hold the supreme power in the State. It is against the house-law of our Dynasty and should be strictly forbidden. Be careful not to permit eunuchs to meddle in Government matters. The Ming dynasty was brought to ruin by eunuchs, and its fate should be a warning to my people."

One has heard of apocryphal testaments, and where it is necessarily difficult to authenticate we are driven back to some extent on surmise. It can only be said that in one case the story is not improbable, and in the other that one is prepared to believe almost anything of the extraordinary woman whose career the authors have described—even to a condemnation, at the last moment, of methods to which she had clung but which practical experience had probably shown her to be fraught with danger to the State. Her character is well summed up—as far as a character so complex can be summed up—in a sentence of the concluding chapter: "Europeans, studying the many complex and unexpected phases of her extraordinary personality, from the point of Western moralities, have usually emphasised and denounced her cold-blooded ferocity and homicidal rage. Without denying the facts or extenuating her guilt, it must nevertheless be admitted that it would be unjust to expect from her compliance with standards of morals and conduct of which she was perforce ignorant." It is a common saying that there is sure to be something good in a man to whom his friends give a kindly nick-name. The Empress was commonly known, and even addressed by her intimates, as "Old Buddha".

We have been able to indicate some leading features, only, in a book which is full of interest and information—historical and personal—from end to end, and which will enable the reader to comprehend much that may have seemed to him obscure in the present condition of palace politics at Peking. It is only necessary to add that it appears to be, so far as we have tested it, well indexed, and that it contains a variety of interesting illustrations, including portraits of the Empress and the Regent, and the present child-Emperor, his son.



"WHAT DREAMS MAY COME —"

"A Dreamer's Tales." By Lord Dunsany. London: Allen. 1910. 6s.

DREAMING threatens to become one of the lost arts. Nearly every man can probably recall at least one big dream that has held him at some time or other; but, if he is anything like the average sort of person, he has probably destroyed it by his endeavour to turn it into a reality. Big dreams not being allowed to continue in their original state, we must look to lesser ones, but the average man seems to have but little time for these, or at least he has no leisure to tell of them. Writers of books are becoming more and more like journalists, and a journalist, as the word implies, is a day labourer, writing only of the day and for the day. Dreams are no affair of his; his business is to write about the sort of people who will read his books, to glorify them slightly, and to put in more or less coherent form the thoughts which they have never had time to finish. Men who being free from business and pleasure have time to dream are rare, and the few who exist are for the most part far too much in love with their lotus land to spare the time to take up pen and paper and write of their journeys in the enchanted country. Lord Dunsany, however, has dreamed awhile, and he allows us to share with him the things which he has seen. It is good to take his book and read when one has come away from the midst of a crowd which is cheering itself hoarse because Red or Blue has gained a stupendous victory in some district whose exact geographical position is unknown to the majority of those who cheer. The book takes us away into many places whose locality we can only dimly guess at, but we can learn enough about them to know that they are much more desirable than the county borough which has just polled. The author tells of a great river on whose banks stand wonderful towns with courts of marble and gates of copper and ivory. He tells of the ancient gods of these towns, of their warriors, and of their women, and he speaks of each as though he had known them all. Many of these tales suggest an Oriental atmosphere, but they are set in no land which lies between Greece and China. They form a guide-book to a far country, but only he who knows how to dream will know how to reach there. Some perhaps will deem it safer to keep away; all voyages into the unknown are full of danger, and there are undefinable fears which beset the man who ventures out of the common walks of life. The sleeping dreamer knows the strange terror which lies hid in the most trivial and innocent of things. He is startled by shadows and behaves with a cowardice which would shame him in his waking moments. The man who dreams but does not sleep has these things also to contend with, for he knows of more things than meet the eye, and he is denied too the magnificent pleasure which the average citizen is feeling over the victories of Red or Blue. The dreamer will take a dislike to the crowd of patriots, and will steal away to a quiet country place where he can pursue his calling undisturbed, or, if his mood is really a bad one, he will go to some lonely room and think of the time when London will be as Troy and Nineveh. Lord Dunsany's book will teach its readers all these things, and will make them understand that the best and brightest of dreams come only to those who see more sadness than is evident to their fellow-men. Here and there we find a tale which seems to be no more than the musing of a somewhat thoughtful idler who has been anxious to leave the haunts of men to mix with the creatures of his fancy, but elsewhere are some fables by a curious thinker. There is one story which in fifteen pages sums up perhaps the history of a nation: it is that of a legislator who imposed his will on the people by establishing an oracle; it is the story of the strife between the holder of the civil sword and the men who served the priests. The same ideas are contained in two dull chapters of Rousseau's "Contrat Social", and the two writers have both come to the same conclusion. Both may be utterly wrong, but it is a point

to Lord Dunsany that his little allegory is at least as convincing as the solemn arguments of Rousseau with all the notes which have been added by persevering editors. As a last point we must note that the author, like most poetic writers since the time of Poe, has felt the fascination of the horrible. It creeps into the stories of "Poor Old Bill" and "The Hashish Man", but it does not dominate many pages, and it is always kept under control in a way which would have been impossible to Poe and most of his followers.

SOCIAL DECADENCE.

"Under Five Reigns." By Lady Dorothy Nevill. Edited by her Son. Methuen. 1910. 15s. net.

IT is just because we have such a respect and admiration for Lady Dorothy Nevill, as a grand old lady, that we hope she will not allow herself to sink into anecdote. The "Reminiscences", published four years ago, were very well; but this volume consists largely of a repetition of the reflections contained in the earlier book, and some good stories slightly spoiled by keeping. With the conclusions about society at which Lady Dorothy has arrived after her long life in the world we are in perfect agreement. The predominance of money over birth and brains, the sensuality and inanity of "smart" people, are disgusting facts, which strike you in the eye. But because they are so obvious they are hardly worth repeating in a serious way. There is only one weapon by which they can be successfully attacked—ridicule. We want a Juvenal, or a Pope, or a Beaumarchais, to satirise the ladies whose talk is of "nighties", and the gentlemen with the physiognomy of Shylock and the manners of a booky, who prattle about the Stock Exchange, motors, and Kempton. Conversation Sharp, and Abraham Hayward, and Rogers may occasionally have bored; the witticisms of Luttrell and Jekyll and Sydney Smith may sometimes have palled. But surely they were not quite so tedious as the endless, pointless, boisterous, personal chaff which forms the staple of modern conversation. As one sees the modern youth slouch out of the Guards' Club in tweed suit, brown boots, and Tyrolean hat, one thinks of D'Orsay, or Sir Roger Palmer, in his palmy days. After being drenched with the idiotic "leg-pulling" of a modern dinner-party one groans for an hour of Alfred Montagu or Oscar Wilde, the last of the talkers. We are grateful to Lady Dorothy Nevill for bidding us look on this picture and on that; and for reminding the latter-day imbeciles and neurotics of what they might be, of what their fathers were. But Lady Dorothy must not preach her sermon too often, or it will lose its effect. The purely reminiscent part of the book, pictures of travelling, dining, farming, art-collecting, etc., in the old days, are of course charming, and probably there are some people who have not read the "Reminiscences", and who will therefore be informed and amused by "Under Five Reigns".

A COMIC PERSIAN.

"The Glory of the Shia World: the Tale of a Pilgrimage." Translated and Edited from a Persian MS. by Major P. M. Sykes C.M.G., assisted by Khan Bahadur Ahmad Din Khan. London: Macmillan. 1910. 10s. net.

THE pilgrimage was to Meshed, the pilgrim being one Nurullah Khan, poet and historian, who was born in the year of the Separation, 1276: that is to say in 1859. But the document which Major Sykes, Consul-General in Khorasan, and his Persian attaché have translated and edited is chiefly remarkable as a fragment of autobiography. Nurullah Khan's paternal grandfather, Abul Hasan Khan, was the original of

Morier's Haji-Baba, who, it appears, left the finances of the family in a shocking state. His son Mohamed Ismail Khan succeeded in getting appointed to the governorship of Mahun, and here Nurullah Khan was born. In his fourteenth year Nurullah Khan fought with his father for Nasr-ed-din Shah in the Baluchistan campaign. A little later Mohamed Ismail Khan died and our author had to earn his own living. The young man made a good marriage and entered the Revenue Office at Kerman. It was no doubt in recognition of his good fortune that he made the pilgrimage to Meshed.

One is more interested in Nurullah Khan himself than in the Shia glories which he describes. He affects to be a reversion to the ancestral character, a second Haji-Baba. His opinions of men and of things are for the most part extremely funny, and they are related with such naïve simplicity that for a while we suspected Major Sykes of having written, as the satirist of a national type, an imaginary autobiography. The explanation is given in the sixth chapter. There is, or there was, such a person as Nurullah Khan of Kerman. In that town lived an English doctor, and this sahib suggested to Nurullah Khan that the inhabitants of London and of the New World would like to read a Persian story. Accordingly Nurullah Khan sat down and wrote. This revelation of the circumstances in which the work was undertaken throws a clear light upon its character. Nurullah Khan, grandson of Haji-Baba, knew what would please his public. One may laugh at him with an easy conscience. But one may not believe in him any more (or less) than—to take an illustration from near home—one believes in the Dublin car-driver who lives up to his caricature. We prefer the stage Persian to the stage Irishman. At least he is a man of culture who can quote the poets.

This charming impostor, who had his eye on the British public, found occasion now and again to refer in an aside to Great Britain. Writing of his paternal grandfather, he says: "He it was who first discovered London (England) to us Persians. He it was who was instructed by Fath Ali Shah—may Allah forgive him!—to appear at the Court of the English monarch. Thanks to him, the English believe that Persia is covered with rose-gardens". He was puzzled to know why the infidel was allowed to conquer in Hindustan, and can only conclude that the path of Allah is concealed. "It is not possible to say why the English should have prevailed."

Our author, as befitted a stage Persian, had an excellent conceit of himself, of his family, his town and his country. If not the first poet of Iran, he let us understand that he was one of the most considerable. For his family no praise is too high. "Few men", he writes, "had such a father as I have had." How extraordinary too that the son of a man of letters, like Mohamed Ismail Khan, should have displayed in Baluchistan such bravery and all the qualities of the man of the sword! The Englishman in Persia will tell you that every Irani, so soon as he is in the saddle, can persuade himself that he is a hero of Persian history. Accordingly Nurullah Khan, who knows of this gibe, states that men compared his father to Rustam, so immense was his stature and so faultless his horsemanship. As to Kerman, it is famous throughout the Seven Climates. Compared to it, Shiraz is little more than a village. Its climate is wonderful, its carpets are unrivalled, and the skill of its people remains the envy of the world. There you spend the day in reciting verses and discussing the history of glorious Iran.

"Kerman is the heart of the world and we are men of heart."

The Persians are the greatest of races and brave to a fault. In the face of danger they become devotees of death. And all the happiness of the Irani must be credited to the might and wisdom, unparalleled in the history of dynasties, of the Kajar Shahs.

The old régime suited our author excellently. He became, as we have said, an official of the Revenue at Kerman. "This most important department on

which the whole government depends", he gravely writes, "was brought to the greatest perfection in Persia nearly a thousand years ago by that great man, the Nizam ul Mulk, whose system is still in force to-day. Indeed, it is so perfect that no one except a Mustaufi can fully understand it, and as a result the power and wealth of revenue officials is very great. I found my office to consist of a large room with beautiful carpets, where all the Mustaufis sat together, and apparently drank tea, smoked and did nothing else. However, in this I was mistaken, for every now and then a youth whispered to a Mustaufi, who thereupon gave a whispered reply. This meant that the local governor had made an offer to the Mustaufi. . . ." For local governors, needing certificates of their accounts to send to headquarters, had first to make their bargain with the revenue officers.

An impression of wisdom detaches itself from this book as a whole. How easy was Nurullah Khan's acceptance of things, how blithe his character! What sense, what adaptability he had in the ordinary daily affairs of life! Take, for instance, his account of his manner of preparing for and carrying out his journey to Meshed. First the pilgrimage was vowed. Then he waited for the joyous festival of No Ruz to come round, and not till its thirteen days were passed did he think of departure. The astrologer, asked to fix a propitious date, fixed the following Thursday, upon which the travellers accordingly started. Hundreds of miles were before them, and yet the first day they completed only a farsakh, resting at nightfall in a garden within sight of Kerman. "It may be thought", he says, "that this was a very short stage for travellers who had such a long journey before them; but the fact is that we Persians have more experience of travelling than any other nation, and so we understand that on such occasions much is invariably left behind. In truth, upon reaching the garden every servant found that he had forgotten something, and but for this custom of ours, termed 'change of place', our position would have been difficult".

#### ORIGINS.

"Hereditary Characters and their Modes of Transmission." By C. E. Walker. London: Arnold. 1910. 8s. 6d. net.

"The Evolution of Mind." By Joseph McCabe. London: Black. 1910. 5s. net.

"The Evolution and Function of Living Purposive Matter." By N. C. Macnamara. International Scientific Series. London: Kegan Paul. 1910. 5s.

MR. WALKER is well known as a cytologist, and very few men who have spent much time over the development of the cell, who have studied the fascinating process by which the nucleus divides, can escape from the feeling that they are witnessing, however dimly, the mechanism of one of life's greatest secrets—the transmission of characters from one generation to another. In the chromosomes, those little threads of a particular kind of protoplasm which are seen to marshal themselves and then divide symmetrically when a cell becomes two, many men have considered the directive principle to reside; they contain the molecules which shape the destiny of the organism and have already decided whether it is to be male or female, tall or short, blue-eyed or brown. Mr. Walker's thesis is that, since in the meiotic division of the cells which are concerned in the reproductive processes, there is a reduction in the number of the chromosomes, they must be dismissed as the bearers of the characters that are common to all the individuals of the race, but that they may be supposed to carry certain other characters which are transmitted in an alternative manner. These latter characters are the individual variations, such as have been selected by man in breeding animals and plants, and again are the Mendelian units which are transmitted wholly or not at all to particular individuals of the

offspring. The characters that are not transmitted by the chromosomes, but by the linin in which the chromatin is imbedded, are the racial characters which blend and do not segregate in the offspring. It would be impossible in these columns to discuss so remotely technical an hypothesis as Mr. Walker's, however fundamental its ultimate bearing upon our ideas of heredity. We can only suggest that he has not given quite such an exact consideration to the facts which have emerged from breeding experiments as characterises his dealings with the cell; he appears less to have weighed the evidence as a whole than to have picked out the cases which suited his argument, too much in the spirit of a special pleader.

Mr. McCabe begins before the cell, when the cosmos was a "vast cloud of extremely attenuated gas or a colossal swarm of meteorites", but his main purpose is to trace the gradual development of mind from the protozoa up to the man of to-day. Roughly speaking, Mr. McCabe's theory is that brain and consciousness and eventually mind have grown up by a series of lucky accidents in response to the constant occurrence of changes in the environment: of lucky accidents in the sense that the stimulus due to the shifting external conditions brought about variations in the organism, and the hits were scored while the misses perished. Mr. McCabe discusses the increasing velocity of the rate of development as man is approached, an acceleration which continued until civilisation was fairly developed. He does not, however, consider the pace likely to continue. "When that vast scheme of intercommunication which men are constructing is finally realised, there will be a conspicuous tendency to homogeneity and equilibrium. The great stimulus of diversity of cultures, which has been so effective throughout history, will gradually disappear." Elsewhere Mr. McCabe develops the thesis that no self-contained state has ever done other than degenerate; the dominant powers have always been subject to the invasion, either material or spiritual, of other ideas and alien modes of thought. If we accept this point of view we may thus find a justification for the instinctive clinging to the principle of nationality, its intensification in fact in modern times, just when the philosophers of the obvious would have us expect universal brotherhood and the wiping-out of frontiers. Mr. McCabe's book may seem rather sketchy to the thoroughgoing biologist or psychologist, but it may be recommended as both sound and readable to the man who cannot give up his life to such subjects, yet who possesses some intellectual curiosity as to the growth of reason and the part played by mind in the whole animal kingdom.

Mr. Macnamara's volume is descriptive and aims at demonstrating step by step from the protozoa to civilised man how response to stimulus is the characteristic of living purposive matter, thereby elucidating the origin and nature of hereditary instinctive matter and showing that "in the case of human beings it exercises a paramount influence on their personal characters and on the race to which they belong". There is a lot of fine, confused feeding in the book, and the references would show that the author has left little unread, even of the books and papers of yesterday; but confused remains our dominant feeling about the book, and we doubt if the thinking has been as extensive as the reading. We confess we got a certain shock when in casually turning over the pages we found ourselves dealing with the nervous system of crayfish on page 169 and with the Brehon laws on page 192. But apparently the author's idea is to show the application of his biological principles by a concrete example, for which purpose he selects the history of a particular Irish sept in County Clare. Such a history is admirably suited for sociological argument and discussions of tendency, the facts are sufficiently shadowy, and few readers are likely to be able to check the author both in his biology and his readings of Keltic tribal affairs.

#### LIFE AT FORTY.

"People and Questions." By G. S. Street. London: Secker. 1910. 5s. net.

IT is twenty years ago—so occult and frightful is the passage of the years—that the author of certain "Views and Reviews" bewailed the passing of the essayist. His theme was the eighteenth-century men, "who are often dull but they write like scholars and gentlemen. In these hysterical times life is so full, so much is asked and so much has to be given, that tranquil writing and careful workmanship are impossible. The trick of amenity and good breeding is lost; the graces of an excellence that is unobtrusive are graces no more".

If 1890 could only have foreseen our case in 1910! Twenty years ago there were probably people in England capable of publicly comparing the House of Lords to aged and malodorous cheese; but they were hidden in some sewer of semi-publicism, not vaunting and acclaimed Chancellors of the Exchequer and "runners-up" for the Premiership. The "Times", where "they are often dull but they write like scholars and gentlemen", was not yet dispossessed in favour of the halfpenny or Crippen journals. "The reading public" had not yet thrust aside that public which cares about reading and captured the booksellers, nor discovered and been discovered, for the very thing which each desiderated, by Mr. G. K. Chesterton. In a word, there was then nothing like our need, here in fading 1910, to be reminded that it is "possible to be eloquent without adjectives and elegant without affectation, that to be brilliant you need not be extravagant and conceited". There was nothing like our need of an author whose constant practice is in protest against the slovenly or shouting firework men, to come to the point outright, of Mr. G. S. Street. Ever since "The Autobiography of a Boy"—alas! another link with the past—Mr. Street has been getting good marks for a mannered but unobtrusive quality of prose. You seek for his analogue and you find you must blurt out a big name or be silent. In point of form, "The Ghosts of Piccadilly", and other volumes, but notably those which contain his essays on London and on Books and Men—Byron, Charles Fox, George Selwyn—take their place cheerfully and by right on our bookshelves near "The Four Georges" and "The English Humourists". We are really grateful to him for reprinting in "People and Questions" his contributions to "The Quarterly" and other reviews and journals, and if he likes in a prefatory note to be nonchalant and superior, and say that "it is more agreeable" to himself "to see a book on one's shelves than an awkward mass of cuttings in a drawer", these little deprecatory airs are harmless. The familiar charm of manner is here with the familiar egoism which you may or may not find irritating, but which is so obvious that only the humourless, we fancy, are offended. Parenthetically we may suspect that for his "vigorously selected public" Mr. Street has more or less to thank his own deliberate and humorous obsession (in cold print) with his own circumstances, as who should be writing at all times for himself, and a few privileged friends all well "in" the joke. Yet here is far greater weight and variety of matter than the essayist has sometimes troubled to exercise his talent on. He gets further afield than Piccadilly and plainly knows, so to say, more ropes than some of his readers may have suspected. The paper on Lord Randolph Churchill is an admirable appreciation of a vivid and forceful personality, and likewise of the generation and of the whole system in which it sprang up, flourished and faded. The account of a visit to Bohemia gives us that "fine view of Prague" which was the author's from the window where he communicated his impressions; but also a sympathetic and, we have reason to think, a sound as well as illuminating exposition of the Czech national movement and its value. "The Early Victorians and Ourselves" is probably reprinted from "The Quarterly", and is an admirably judicial summing-up of our own



characteristics and pretensions with those of the 'forties, 'fifties, and early 'sixties, and people on whom, "apathetic analytical creatures that we are, we invite the humour of the gods if we look down". In such papers the author tackles serious and considered topics—you seem to see the audience pull itself together as the titles are announced. But the essayist of our dreams and of Mr. Henley's elegy will less go forth intent to meet Goliath in open field, on a set occasion, than to pepper his giant from his slingful of observation casually, as the spirit moves him, on his way to and fro on his lawful business. Thus Mr. Street takes us to a police court whither he must escort a lady compelled to give evidence against a thief. Well, he will have ideas for us there (without beating big drums like Mr. Galsworthy), as he will at the theatre seeing his own play acted, or asking his way in a fog, or waiting for dinner. Nothing is so little but he will have some shrewd "observe" which gives not furiously but soberly to think or some criticism on a note which recurs, of Society in its limited or universal sense. But it may be said that a certain thread of meaning binds these essays: they are charged with sobered, acute judgment as with that acceptance which Mr. Street tells us is "the secret of middle age". R. L. S.'s "Virginibus" was (at first) designed to represent life at twenty-five; here you have a volume which might be called life in the forties—the early, bien entendu, but not the "roaring forties".

## NOVELS.

"The Osbornes." By E. F. Benson. London: Smith, Elder. 1910. 6s.

Before we forget it, let us record at once the fact that the hero of this book is beautiful. His name is Claude Osborne, the younger son of the Sheffield manufacturer who has become enormously rich; and he gets married to Dora, daughter of the poor but blue-blooded Lady Austell, the girl succumbing to the personal fascinations of Claude, who is very beautiful. We have no wish to charge Mr. Benson with subtlety, but we suspect his motive in writing this book to have been prompted by a couple of succulent lines about kind

(Continued on page 783.)

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hearts and coronets. It will gratify many of his readers to learn that he does not think riches bring happiness of their own accord; it will please many more to read how simple and genuine are the hearts that beat under expensive waistcoats; and some thousands will be tickled in the centre of vanity to see in Claude, who really is stunningly beautiful, the preux chevalier who can be both noble in heart and extremely well off at the same time. "He's got a soul that's more beautiful than his face, you know, and he's the handsomest fellow I ever saw." So says Jim, the lordly brother of Dora, who forges a cheque of beautiful Claude's for a large sum, and is discovered and forgiven by his truly beautiful brother-in-law. That Mr. Benson can do a great deal better than this is witnessed now and again by irritating hints of wilfully diverted powers. And the book is carelessly put—hurled—together: thus, it was not May Franklin (page 128) to whom Dora quoted Pierre Loti, but Claude (page 107); and while on page 19 Claude is a Cambridge man, he has become Oxford on page 230. That, however, may be due to the fact that he was 'scruciatingly beautiful—so much so as to blind even his creator.

**"The Charm."** By Alice Perrin. London: Methuen. 1910. 6s.

This is by no means the usual Anglo-Indian novel, for it deals mostly with those who are neither English nor Hindu, but both. The half-caste characters are seemingly very familiar to Miss Perrin, as is the whole of their life and its conditions. Teresa Nottage, a widow with a terrible little son, an atavistic throwback to his Indian ancestors, meets Mark Rennard, the son of a suburban Londoner, fresh from home. He struggles for some time against his better instincts—buttressed by his passion for an English girl whom he met and loved on the voyage out—but when Eve whistles him down the wind he goes on the rebound to the pretty half-caste widow, and despite wise counsel marries her. Later he meets Eve again, at a time when he is feeling the force which society exerts against mixed marriages, and he learns that he ought not to have married Teresa. She, the wretched, half-civilised wife, loves her husband with Eastern passion and adopts Eastern methods to regain his love. This is the Charm, a mysterious love-philtre as she thinks, a poison put into her hands by those who would free her from the Englishman in reality. By accident she inserts into his teacup only enough of the charm to make him sick, and thereby discovering the truth she herself takes the rest. The story, it will be seen, is not elaborate, it is rather the atmosphere of native life that gives the book its value and interest. The proofs ought to have been read more carefully; after noting "paroxism", "pomegranite" and "dishevellment" we lost count.

**"A King's Masquerade."** By May Wynne. London: Greening. 1910. 6s.

The title-page says this is the "second impression"; we should like to make a jovial old British pun about the first impression we received were it not that we feel so depressed by the book that we must perforce treat it seriously. It is a curious book in several respects. There are twenty-five lines to the page as far as page 237 and twenty-seven lines afterwards. Many pages are spun out by the simple process of treating each sentence as a paragraph. However, we would not have it suspected that we are asking for more. The story narrates the fortunes of Maggie Armstrong's heart. Maggie lived on the Border in the vague Past, and spoke a curious dialect of mixed Lowland and Highland and anachronistic errors. She had a true lover, and a black-hearted one, a deceitful red-haired male servant (v.l. "traitor"), and a trusty bonny (occasionally "bonnie") serving-wench. Also a fuming-furious father. The book, however, is quite funny wherever the punctuation ceases to warn the reader that he is expected to laugh gaily. Miss Wynne uses "realism" to mean realisation, and "foregather" to mean to perceive beforehand!

#### SHORTER NOTICES.

**"Argentina: Past and Present."** By W. H. Koebel. London: Kegan Paul. 1910. 12s. 6d.

Mr. Koebel is well known as a student of Argentine affairs. He has been encouraged to write this book by the success of his work on "Modern Argentina", and it appears opportunely in the centenary year of the foundation of the Republic. Argentina, he says, presents a study in development that the history of few nations can rival. "Little more than a decade has passed since the future of Argentina lay heavily upon the minds of those whose interests centred within the frontier of the great Republic. The question then was one of bankruptcy or salvation—a query frequently answered with a pessimistic emphasis. Nevertheless, although the vital question itself has now been happily solved, numerous doubts remain." These doubts, however, are not as to success or failure, but as to the degree of prosperity in store. In order the better to enable the reader to judge for himself, Mr. Koebel devotes only three or four chapters to the past, and the remainder of a substantial volume to the characteristics, the resources, and the general, political, economic, and social life which make up the present. Ethnically Argentina is evolving a type as distinct as the American. "The conglomeration of races that is building itself firmly about the nucleus of the old Spanish families is truly amazing"; but, as Mr. Koebel says, once in Argentina, it is the fashion for British, French, Germans, Russians, Italians to be Argentine. The book with its hundred or more illustrations from photographs affords a very full and picturesque idea of both the country and the people, and as British enterprise and British capital have played no mean part in making Argentina what it is, the volume should find a widely appreciative public.

**"The Intimate Life of Alexander Hamilton."** By Allan McLane Hamilton. London: Duckworth. 1910. 16s. net.

Alexander Hamilton, the aide-de-camp of Washington, the conceiver of the "Federalist" and the writer of sixty-three of its eighty-five articles, has been biographed more largely than any other American unless it be Washington himself. One son was the writer of one of the Lives, and this book is by a grandson. Mr. Hamilton uses many original letters and documents written by Alexander Hamilton and various members of his family as well as his contemporaries, illustrating his private life and career as a soldier, lawyer, and statesman. Mr. Hamilton goes, as he says, very minutely into detail in using the contents of these hitherto unpublished letters, in the belief that the familiar side of Alexander Hamilton's life will be of interest to a great many people who have hitherto been furnished only with unauthenticated generalities. We can only wonder how many people there are in England who are eager to know every detail of Hamilton's career and private life. The duel with Aaron Burr, in which Hamilton was wounded so severely that he died the next day, is a "purple patch" in the midst of much aridity; but we need not go to America for duels, especially when they are without romance. Americans may possibly still thrill over the photograph of the pistols used in the combat "same with which" Aaron shot Alexander, and over the patent chimneys of Hamilton's house, but who in England will be moved? The appearance here of such a book is certainly puzzling.

**"Coronation Claims."** By G. Woods Wollaston. London: Harrison. 2nd Edition. 1910. 10s. 6d. net.

It is unhappily little more than nine years since occasion was given for the first edition of this book by the proceedings of the Court of Claims, which was constituted in view of the Coronation of Edward VII. This second edition has been prepared in anticipation of the sittings of the Court which will be held to determine the claims to perform services at the approaching Coronation of George V. As the author, who is Bluemantle Pursuivant of Arms, remarks, "before each Coronation a Court is appointed to hear and determine claims to perform various privileged and highly prized services" that have been performed in old days by the ancestors of the claimants or their predecessors in offices. As the Court had not sat since the Coronation of Victoria until the year 1901 there was much doubt as to the proper procedure to be followed and the nature of the evidence to be admitted in proof of the claims. Mr. Wollaston's book contains the record of the proceedings, the arguments, and the decisions in each claim. It will greatly facilitate the work of the Court which will meet next year, and for the general public it is a most interesting collection of historical and antiquarian information of a most curious character. There are in this edition some added sections on the cases of the Hereditary Standard Bearer of Scotland and the Great Spurs. We notice a slight slip in giving Mr. Inderwick K.C. as the Common Serjeant of London in 1901 instead of Sir Frederick Bosanquet.



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The Secretary (Mr. R. Gordon) having read the notice convening the meeting, and the report of the auditors,

The Chairman said: Gentlemen.—In accordance with the usual custom, I will ask you to take the balance sheet and profit and loss account for the year ended 31 July 1910, together with the directors' report, as read. It is my privilege, in my capacity as Chairman of the company, to address you once more and to present to you on behalf of the Board the accounts containing the results of the working for the past financial year. Though these results, so far as they relate to the profit and loss account, show a small diminution over the balance of profits carried to the balance sheet last year, yet on making the comparison of the figures there will be noticed certain features which make this year's figures compare very favourably with those of last year. The gross profit shown is £231,011 3s. 7d., to which must be added various other items of receipts, bringing the total up to £235,142 16s. 5d. On the other hand, it will be noticed that the standing expenses, which are charged against this total gross profit (to which must be added this year the Debenture trustees' fees and the discount on the Five per Cent. Debenture issue, which are being written off over a period of six years), are generally less than those for last year. Turning to the balance sheet, it will be noticed that our reserves are still further increased by the additions which have been made this year. A portion of the special reserve against rolling stock has been appropriated to the purposes of the Debenture issue, and we have charged against it the whole of the expenses of that issue, thus completely clearing that item out of the way. Those of you who were present at the last annual general meeting will remember that I made special reference to the fact that the desire of the Board was to strengthen the resources of the company in every possible way, and it is in continuation of this policy, which I submit is wise from the shareholders' point of view, that we have decided to write down certain items on the right-hand side of the balance sheet, which, though properly included amongst the assets, yet, from their nature, must be what I may call "dead" assets. I refer to the preliminary expenses (including the cost of consolidating the Preferred Ordinary shares into £4 shares) and the teaching suspense account. It would be unfair, of course, to charge the whole of the balances of these accounts against the revenue of a single year, but we have dealt with the matter in a drastic manner in the accounts before you, and obviously the sooner these items disappear from the balance sheet the better. Out of the balance of profits remaining after writing off all these items, the directors have pleasure in recommending the payment of a dividend of 3½ per cent. on the Preferred Ordinary shares, making, with the previous dividend paid on 31 January, the usual dividend of 7 per cent. on the Preferred Ordinary shares. Of the £22,735 15s. 5d. brought forward from the profit and loss account for the previous year £23,382 19s. 11d. is reserved for distribution in equal parts among the holders of Deferred shares and Preferred Ordinary shares. The directors have carefully considered the question of a distribution on account of this reserve, but in view of the extreme necessity to keep the resources of the company as large as possible, they have decided after careful deliberation that in the interests of the company such a distribution should be deferred. This decision has, we think, met with the approval of the shareholders generally. Speaking generally, in review of the trading of the past financial year, I may say that the company has now settled down into a condition of normal trading. We have had to face competition from new companies, with new cabs, but this was not unforeseen, and, judging by the results this year, it cannot be said that we have suffered very much from it. Indeed, there is plenty of room in this big metropolis for other companies, and we need not fear for the future if we keep to the policy which the Board is doing its best to advance—that is, efficiency and economy in the management and care in the direction of the finances of the company. The future is reassuring, and I hope I may not be deemed too optimistic if I say that we expect the present year's trading to be a satisfactory one. The Coronation will bring a very large number of people to the metropolis, and we look forward to a demand for locomotion which will strain our cab resources to the utmost, as well as prove extremely remunerative. We are giving special attention to the improvement of our cab bodies, and while the result may not be apparent to the casual observer, owing to the alteration in the colour, we think we are justified in saying that we have now a large fleet of cabs which, in point of good looks and, I might almost say, luxurious upholstery, are second to none. I think I should mention that negotiations between ourselves and the next important all-English cab enterprise in London—the W. and G.—are in progress. These negotiations will, if carried through, prove of the utmost importance to the permanent welfare of both interests, and will, I can safely say in advance, meet with the heartiest and immediate approval of our shareholders. It would perhaps be unwise to say more about the matter at this juncture, but whatever may be the outcome of these proposals, or whatever additional proposals may arise out of the successful termination of the particular negotiations I have referred to—and these might also be extremely important—I can at least promise the shareholders that nothing shall be concluded without first obtaining their sanction. I may say, however, that the proposals as they stand have received the unanimous approval of your directors. That is all I have to say to you as to the working of the business for the past twelve months, but I may say I am at your disposal to answer any questions which may be put to me; but before they are put I will formally move: "That the directors' report, the balance sheet and the accounts for the year ended 31 July 1910, be and are hereby received and adopted."

Mr. Godfrey Isaacs seconded the motion. The Chairman having answered numerous questions, the motion was put to the meeting and carried unanimously.

It was then resolved that the payment of the interim dividend of 3½ per cent. on the Preferred Ordinary shares made on 31 January 1910 be confirmed, and that a final dividend on the Preferred Ordinary shares of 3½ per cent. for the year ended 31 July 1910, making, with the interim dividend already paid, the total dividend for the year of 7 per cent., be declared payable on 1 January next.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman concluded the proceedings.

**ASHANTI GOLDFIELDS.**

THE Thirteenth Annual General Meeting of the Ashanti Goldfields Corporation, Ltd., was held on Thursday, the Earl of Bessborough (Chairman) presiding.

The Chairman said a great change for the better in the affairs of the Corporation had set in two years ago. While at that meeting the directors had nothing to report of so sensational a character as the almost phenomenal improvement in the position which was laid before the shareholders in December last by reason of the very excellent developments, yet he ventured to think that the condition of the Corporation's affairs could not fail to be highly pleasing. They could point, in any case, to a total of 75 per cent. in dividends that would have been paid before the close of the calendar year, as compared with the 25 per cent. dividend for the last year. In dealing with the report and accounts, he drew attention, in particular, to the reserve for mine development redemption, which stood at £31,320, as against a total expenditure on the other side of the sheet of £66,662. For that expenditure they had an asset in the mines in the shape of ore reserves amounting to about £1,500,000. The formation of the Ashanti Goldfields Territories, Ltd., which had been constituted for the principal purpose of acquiring, prospecting, and other rights over the ninety-three square miles of their property which they were now working was a very successful operation. The reorganisation, too, of the Ashanti Rivers and Concessions, Ltd., had resulted in their acquiring 85,839 shares of 4s. each in exchange for their holding in the old company, and those shares which enjoyed a market value stood at nothing in their books. As to the Sannu Mines, Ltd., which they had acquired against an issue of 21,500 shares, the ore developed by that Company when treated would yield a profit considerably in excess of the small loss of £1,652 which an adjustment of the account had disclosed. The profit and loss balance showed at £309,592, the largest revenue ever earned by the Corporation, and the dividends already paid left them with a credit balance of £18,845. Great delay and difficulty had been occasioned by the abnormal rainfall of the past rainy season. It had disorganised their work, both underground and on the surface, and had prevented them realising their programme from July to November by about £50,000. There was every likelihood, however, that for January, at the latest, the full output of £40,000 would be reached, which should yield a divisible profit during the coming year of close on a quarter of a million sterling, and would permit of a distribution in excess of the 75 per cent. of the current calendar year. As to developments, the most satisfactory feature was the continuance of good values in the lower levels of Ashanti main workings. In spite of the out-turn of gold for the eleven months ending September last, valued at £315,000, and in spite of the greatly retarded development work, the consulting engineer estimated that ore reserves showed a decrease of only about £100,000, and with such a splendid reserve as they had a lean time in the matter of developments would not affect the output and profit-earning position. They had had correspondence with the Gold Coast Government railway officials, from which they hoped a reduction of rates would result. They had ample native labour for all requirements. Obuasi was an attractive centre for the natives, and by the encouragement they had given to farming on the cleared land of the neighbourhood food supplies were abundant and cheap. He placed on record his appreciation of the work done by the white staff in Ashanti. For the immediate future they did not contemplate carrying out any extensive programme of construction work, but intended to concentrate their energies on getting the best out of the existing plant and on pushing ahead developments. He moved: "That the report of the directors, dated 6 December 1910, and of the auditors, dated 30 November 1910, and the accounts for the year ended 30 June 1910 be received, approved, and adopted."

Mr. George Edwards (the Deputy-Chairman) seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

## THE RUBBER WORLD

THIS WEEK CONTAINS:

### STANDARDISATION OF RAW RUBBER.

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any man could have done. His statements, moreover, are strengthened and his conclusions are fortified by what he has to tell us of all that he has observed of the results of compulsion in those foreign armies of which he has a wide experience. . . . Mr. Haldane and Sir Ian Hamilton have between them produced a really fascinating study of a vital question, worthy the attention of all men, whether they agree with these opponents of compulsion or whether they do not."—*Broad Arrow*

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## SECOND

## Christmas Book Supplement.

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## A GREEN-WOOD GIFT-BOOK.

"English Woodlands and their Story." By Houghton Townley. London: Methuen. 1910. 15s. net.

WITH a pleasant, well-written, readable letterpress and a collection of exceedingly good and some of them very beautiful photographs admirably reproduced Mr. Houghton Townley has made an attractive book. It is no doubt an ambitious undertaking to treat in one book of no less than nine of the forests of England, including our principal royal forests, and it is not strange that the notice of some is but superficial. The book commences with an introduction which aims at giving a précis of the old English forest laws, a subject rather outside the scope of a show work such as this, and in some points it is not very accurate. Thus it will be a surprise to students of forest law as well as to all who are versed in ornithology to read that eyries of hawks and falcons, so carefully preserved in all forests for the use of the King, do not really mean, as all men have supposed hitherto, the nests of wild hawks, but refer to "an artificial place for breeding and preserving hawks". No such places ever existed, and hawks are not and never were bred in confinement for purposes of falconry.

A large portion of the book is taken up by the chapters relating to Burnham Beeches, due no doubt to the author's better knowledge of that piece of woodland than of any other; and, beautiful as Burnham Beeches are, it is rather straining a point to aver that this small area comprises "nearly everything to be seen in all the forests of England".

Very interesting, however, is the account given of this beautiful woodland, the illustrations of which are especially attractive. Perhaps a larger number of interesting facts as to its more modern history and to the people of note who dwelt in it or spent their leisure therein are here collected than have ever been brought to light before; but the curious reader cannot help wishing that somewhat more of the real history of Burnham Beeches had been unearthed and dealt with, if a history was to be written at all. Burnham was not a royal forest nor even apparently a chase, and therefore records of its history may be hard to trace; but it seems probable that some must exist. There should be some records of the method of its cultivation, for a cultivated woodland it assuredly was, as it tells us itself, and that cultivation need not be dismissed as a "mystery" altogether. The older portions of Burnham Beeches consist of beeches which are nearly all pollards. There is no mystery about this "lopping", for it was the prevailing method of cultivating woodlands up to, at any rate, Elizabethan times. The New Forest woods of Mark Ash, Ridley and Bratley are full of these pollards, similar in character to many in Burnham Beeches and in Epping Forest. The leases under which these woods were let to those who lopped them, exist. The conditions are many and strict. All trees were to be lopped at a certain height, so as to ensure that the young shoots should be beyond the reach of cattle or deer. No tree might be felled "by the ground", and there are records of presentments against those who offended in this respect. Why should not similar rules or even leases have existed in Burnham Beeches so as to bring about a similar result? As to their respective ages, the leasing and lopping of woods in royal forests was put a stop to, in the interests of forestry, by King James I. We know therefore that the shoots of the pollards of Mark Ash and Ridley date back to that period and are over four hundred years old, far exceeding the normal span of life of a beech tree.

It is interesting to speculate from this how many years—or centuries—have been added to the lives of the trees by this process of pollarding—repeated, it may be, several times as the shoots grew to be of size enough to be used for charcoal or other purposes. Mr. Townley tells us that the rings in the last shoots thrown out by these old trees indicate an age, in the shoots, of about one hundred and fifty years, as against about four hundred in the New Forest trees. But if the lopping was carried on later in Burnham it is quite probable that it had also gone on in the past to a remote age, and thus it may be possible these trees, renewed by the constant lopping, have survived to some such age even as the five hundred or seven hundred years mentioned by Mr. Townley, though in the absence of evidence this age is probably somewhat excessive.

Pleasant reading are the chapters on various other forests referred to in the book, and very admirable are the reproduced photographs around which in the main the book is written. The note on Sherwood Forest is largely extracts on the growing of oaks, culled from John Evelyn, William Howitt and Christopher Thomson; but the name of the "authority" who has asserted that "an oak of forty-five feet girth cannot well be less than fifteen hundred years old" is wisely suppressed. Nor would Sherwood be complete without a considerable reference to Robin Hood and "Ivanhoe". Passing to the New Forest, we find a prettily written notice of its various beauties, with some information as to its customs culled from sundry authors. But lovers of the "Natural History of Selborne", with its "Hanger", its "Losels", and the references to its proximity to Woolmer Forest, will rub their eyes when they read that "in the New Forest we are on the ground where Gilbert White lived and wrote his 'Natural History of Selborne'". In a work which deals with the artistic side of forests and their literary or poetic traditions this is truly a grievous slip. There is a well-written chapter on the Abbey of Beaulieu, and one on the death or, as the author terms it, the "execution" of Rufus, which, from the "Malwood Castle" conjured into existence by the author to the end of the tragedy at Winchester, is based wholly on imagination. Epping Forest has been dealt with by many writers, and the history of its acquisition by the Corporation of London and of the legal proceedings which led to that acquisition are well known to all. Mr. Townley has introduced—at second hand—what appears to be a comical and exaggerated account of the shooting of the superfluous deer by those in charge of the forest. But he does not give any hint as to what he would consider the right way to keep down the increase in the herd when it has grown too big.

Dean Forest has a chapter to itself, brief enough for so important a possession, but full of interesting matter; and the author passes on to Windsor Forest, as to which much information is given about remarkable trees, plantations and scenery, and the sporting therein of various crowned heads; while a few more pages are further devoted to rhapsodies on the sentimental aspect of woodlands—prettily written, but to be found better dealt with in the more solid and thoughtful pages of Gilpin and Evelyn. Beautiful Savernake is well described, both by pen and by illustration; and after cursory notices of Exmoor, Dartmoor, Charnwood and Ashdown Forests, the book closes with a valuable chapter of advice on the photography of woodland scenery. Here the author is on safe ground. He speaks with authority, and those who emulate his successes cannot do better than follow his words of advice on these points.

## SEA, SCHOOL, AND HISTORY.

"On Foreign Service", by Staff Surgeon T. T. Jeans R.N. (Blackie, 6s.).—We feel inclined to call this a jolly story, and we are quite sure the average boy will vote it so. Jolly is the favourite adjective of Sub-Lieut. William Wilson, R.N., and others who contribute chapters to this up-to-date tale of life on a man-of-war. Mr. Wilson opens by saying that he and his friend,

Ginger Hood, when appointed sub-lieutenants of the "Hercules" and the "Hector", "felt jolly much like fish out of water". Things later get "jolly exciting"; everything becomes "jolly interesting"; uniforms look "jolly smart"; whenever anybody is pleased he is "jolly glad", and when annoyed "jolly angry"; and the changes are rung on "jolly glad" twice on the last page. The story describes the part played by the two British ships in watching a South American revolution. It is full of incident, and great care has been taken to ensure accuracy in the handling of the modern warship. Mr. Jeans succeeds admirably in showing that the romance of the sea did not disappear when wood and sails were superseded by iron and steam. Mr. William Rainey's illustrations are as spirited as the book.

"Overdue", by Harry Collingwood (Blackie, 3s. 6d.).—"Overdue" is a very good sea story of the days when steam was in its infancy and the clipper sailing ship was the chief means of ocean travel. The hero of the story is Phillip Troubridge, a young midshipman apprentice, who is lent by his chief to navigate an emigrant ship to Australia, the ship in question having lost all her officers. There is a mutiny on board, and the youthful commander is compelled to sail to the islands of Melanesia, as his passengers have determined to found a settlement on some uninhabited isle. How they meet with and beat off Chinese pirates, and eventually find an island upon which the emigrants land, is told with a good deal of "go". Young Troubridge, assisted by a few faithful members of the crew and a young lady passenger, manage to secure the ship, after it has been laden with sandalwood, and to get clear of the island. Fortune favours the youth, there is an upheaval of the sea-bed, exposing a mass of pearl oysters, yielding untold wealth, and all ends happily, with the restoration of the ship to her owners.

"Brave Sidney Somers; or, The Voyage of the 'Eastern Adventurer'", by F. M. Holmes (Blackie, 2s. 6d.).—To save the family lands Sidney Somers buys a share in a spice ship bound for the Orient in the spacious times of Good Queen Bess. Once aboard he meets the chief gunner, Spider, of whom he conceives the gravest distrust. For several nights he sees a white figure tampering with the cargo. At last he tells the mate, but before he can let the captain know the crew mutiny under Spider's lead. The captain and a few loyal men are driven down into the hold, but thanks to Sidney they, after several days, regain possession of the ship. The same day they fall in with a derelict Portuguese pinnace, into which the mutineers escape at night. Humphreys, Sidney's friend, is also missing. The "Eastern Adventurer" at last reaches India, dogged by the mutineers, who manage to recapture the ship, while Sidney and his friends escape into the pinnace. They recapture the ship and the captain turns up. Spider confesses the whole plot, which was so to delay Sidney as to make him arrive too late to save the family estates. Sidney, indeed, arrives too late, but the estates are none the less saved.

"Hawkwood the Brave", by Walter Beck (Blackie, 3s. 6d.).—"Hawkwood the Brave" was one of the bold condottieri of the fourteenth century who made a name for himself as the leader of the White Company, first in the war between France and England, and then in the numerous struggles between the Italian cities, in whose pay he served as mercenary. Mr. Beck's story, however, is more concerned with the young Neville Manning, who after his father's death takes service under Hawkwood. After a bout of fighting in Aquitaine and around Avignon, the scene shifts to Italy and the struggle between Pisa and Florence. There is a spirited raid on the suburbs of Milan, an exciting rescue of an Italian merchant prince from the prison in Milan itself, followed by more hard fighting, in which Neville gains his knighthood. Finally we have the hero duly installed as seneschal of the Castle of Monte Cerboli and married to the daughter of the Italian he rescued. Mr. Stolt's illustrations strike the right mediæval note.

"Martin Hyde, the Duke's Messenger", by John Masefield (Wells Gardner, 6s.).—Martin Hyde, after passing his boyhood amid the Norfolk Broads, is sent on his father's death to London, where he falls in with the Duke of Monmouth, who is plotting at that moment against James II. He goes to Holland with the Duke, when he finds himself tracked at every turn by an army of spies, of whom the cleverest is a high-born English girl, Aurelia Carew. The rest of the story is one long duel between the two, who, while loyal to their respective lieges, develop a growing admiration for each other. After a thrilling series of plots and counter-plots aboard ship Martin reaches England and takes part in the Duke's ill-starred expedition, including the fatal finale at Sedgemoor, where he is saved by Aurelia's intervention. The story goes with a rare swing from start to finish, and the

sea scenes, as one might expect from such an "old salt" as Mr. Masefield, are admirably handled. Mr. Dugdale's illustrations are excellent.

"Betty Brooke at School", by D. R. Mack (Bell, 3s. 6d.).—The author describes this book as a tale for girls and old girls. We are inclined to believe that it is more suitable for the old girls, although the girl about to be sent to one of the more important public schools will find much to interest her in this veracious account of life at S. Anthony's. A good deal of the book is devoted to athletics, and there are some good descriptions of cricket and hockey matches. The author's main object is to show the effect of this public-school training upon the character of a quite ordinary girl, and, although there is no plot in the usual sense, the characterisation is well done, and we watch the development of such story as there is with considerable interest. We should like to know how this strenuous boyish training affects the future life of the group of young women who, in the last chapter, leave S. Anthony's for good. They seem, to use an expression which occurs in the book, very "gentlemanly" girls, and perhaps a matron who has been a celebrated half-back or bowler of "googlies" in her day will be none the less "frantically decent" (again we quote) on that account.

"Sarah's School Friend", by May Baldwin (Chambers, 3s. 6d.). The main theme of this excellent little story, the cruel misunderstanding and antagonism between highly educated children and uneducated parents, has done duty a hundred times; but the author of "Sarah's School Friend" has treated it with a freshness that redeems it from tedium. The characterisation is exceptionally good; the uncouth, hard, purse-proud, but undeniably upright mill-owner, his vulgar, affectionate wife, the suave and cultured son, the high-spirited wrong-headed daughter, are very well done, with only that slight exaggeration which seems a necessity when an audience of young people is appealed to. Into this family comes a frank and pleasant schoolgirl of a higher caste, and it is mainly the effect of this perfectly unaffected young guest upon her hosts that gives point to the story. There are numerous incidents, including a strike of mill-hands that, while nearly wrecking the fortune of the mill-owner, brings out the best that is in every member of the family. A thoroughly wholesome and entertaining book for girls between the ages of thirteen and sixteen.

"Two Schoolgirls of Florence", by May Baldwin (Chambers, 5s.). is very vividly written, and is full of character and vitality—unusually so for a school story. Miss Baldwin boldly makes her "principal lady" a distinctly "uppish" and cantankerous little person, who confronts Italy and its ways with a true British scorn. All her adventures have real interest, whether concerned with Florentine school customs or earthquakes. The book is evidently red-hot from Florence itself, and the natural dialogue makes it good reading for mothers as well as for schoolgirls.

"A Schoolgirl's Battlefield", by Raymond Jacherns (Chambers, 5s.) gives a picture of a school which is a refreshing contrast to the average hot-bed of sentimentalities. Its head has her own ideas, which are so new as to seem old-fashioned, and her theories work out well. The "girl" is a shy, badly dressed little soul, with a stammer. Good sense and good hearts apply themselves to her, and by their help she emerges into work and self-respect.

"A New England", by Eliza F. Pollard (Blackie, 3s. 6d.).—Miss Pollard has taken the American War of Independence for her theme. She is not severely historical, but there is sufficient history to make a realistic background. Her chief characters are Benedict Arnold, who turned traitor, and his sister Hannah. The incident of Major Andre's betrayal is told with a good deal of spirit, and the book is written with a sympathy for the Americans and a regard for the stout-heartedness of England confronted by enemies on two continents, which are well calculated to secure approval on both sides of the Atlantic. At the same time, Miss Pollard makes it clear that French aid alone secured victory for Washington. The Puritan element in the midst of the war is illustrated with skill, and this will be one of Miss Pollard's most popular books.

"A Lady of Mettle", by Dorothea Moore (Partridge, 5s.).—Just what a "girl's" book should be. There is not a namby-pamby line, and it can be read with as much interest by boys as by girls. It is a story of the time of William III.'s widowhood, and the adventures of the "Lady of Mettle" and her husband, Sir Gervase Bellamy, are something more than mere adventures. They throw a certain light on the history and social conditions of the period. To call this a "girl's book" is about as reasonable as to call, say, "Diana of the Crossways" a woman's novel.



## FAIRIES AND FACTS.

**"The Scottish Fairy Book",** by Elizabeth Grierson, illustrated by Morris Meredith Williams (Fisher Unwin, 6s.).—These are Scottish variants of familiar folk-tales common to the Celtic and Northern European stock of legend, such as Jack the Giant Killer, the Rumpelstilzkin cycle founded on the primitive belief in the power of a name and the name tabu. They are brightly told with picturesque detail and all the Scotch eeriness of elfin-lore, and are far more suited to childish apprehensions than the more mystic Irish folk-lore, for they are less poetic and more material and comfortable. The numerous illustrations in black-and-white are quite clever, but we do not see the necessity for constant rubrication.

**"The High Deeds of Finn",** by T. W. Rolleston, illustrated by Stephen Reid (Harrap, 5s.).—There are three distinct cycles of Irish legend, so says Mr. Stopford Brooke in his interesting preface—the mythological, some 1700 years before Christ; the heroic and perhaps semi-historical, at the beginning of the Christian era; and the romantic Fenian legends, two hundred years later still. The separate stories have in course of time become amalgamated, retold with Christian touches by mediæval poets, and are now to be found in the publications of the Irish Texts Society and the Ossianic Society, and in numerous scholarly editions and translations of the old manuscripts. Mr. Rolleston has set himself to preserve the Irish atmosphere and poetic grace, the love of nature, of colour, of music, all that is characteristic of Irish feeling, and at the same time to bring the stories within the comprehension of young people. The tales are of heroic achievements, of adventures with giants, of enchantments and sorceries; but they are less fairy tales than heroic legends, and more nearly resemble the Arthurian romances than folk-lore. The coloured illustrations are adequate and numerous.

**"Finn and His Warrior Band",** by Donald Mackenzie, illustrated by H. R. Millar (Blackie, 2s. 6d.).—Finn or Fean was the leader of the Fenians, the Militia of the third century, and the hero of many adventures with giants and dwarfs and other heroes. Irish legend tells us that Fean and all his men sleep in a cave at Craigiehowe, until the day when some man shall find the key of the door and enter and blow the horn of Finn, when he and all his band shall arise and Ireland's day of triumph be at hand. The book is of real adventurous interest.

**"Heroic Legends",** by Agnes Crozier Herbertson, illustrated by Helen Stratton (Blackie, 3s. 6d.).—This is a handsome-looking book and not expensive, considering its appearance. The author recounts stories of the Cid, of Arthurian heroes, of William Tell, and of several other well-known romantic personages. She adopts a slightly archaic style of writing which is sometimes wearisome, and one or two of the stories are not of very thrilling interest. Still it is, on the whole, an attractive gift-book, and the illustrations if highly coloured are effective.

**"The Flint Heart",** by Eden Phillpotts, illustrated by Charles Folkard (Smith, Elder, 6s.).—This is quite a successful fairy-tale, written in a jocosely, up-to-date manner, full of topical references, about a charm made in the Stone Age by a Dartmoor wizard, which preserves its evil influences until modern times. The story has something of the Kingsley spirit, though less priggish; it also a little in the manner of E. Nesbit's work, but it is less charming and more sophisticated; still it is lively and readable and individual in its way. The drawings are entertaining but not remarkable.

**"The Flower Book",** written by Constance Armfield, pictured by Maxwell Armfield (Chatto and Windus, 7s. 6d.).—The author has been happily influenced apparently by Hans Andersen in writing these studies of flower-life; they have a delicate flower-like quality, and the water-colour illustrations are in no way inferior in charm and truthfulness. Flower-lovers of all ages will enjoy this singularly attractive book.

**"Men of Mark in the History of Europe",** by Richard Wilson (Nelson, 6s.).—Mr. Richard Wilson's idea is to show British boys and girls that other countries have been blessed with remarkable men and women, and he deliberately abstains from devoting even one chapter to any hero of the homeland. This patriotic self-denial seems to us about as rational as the tendency in other quarters to suggest that England alone has bred great men. Mr. Wilson cannot, of course, keep the Briton out of it, and could not for instance deal with Napoleon without showing that Napoleon's fate was decided by Wellington. And "men of mark" like Cromwell and Drake appear in the illustrations taken from the picture galleries; the plates, some of them very good, do not always

bear directly on the text. The history is chatty and anecdotic, and does not carry us very far. "But history", says Mr. Wilson, "is a subject for adults who have learned the true proportion of things, and are beyond disillusionment", which is perilously near nonsense from whatever point of view it may be looked at.

**"The Sweep of the Sword",** by Alfred H. Miles (Stanley Paul, 6s.).—In "The Sweep of the Sword" Mr. Miles has given a spirited account of the "wars of the world" from early times to the late war in South Africa. By "wars of the world" Mr. Miles practically means the wars affecting Europe, for, with the exception of the wars of the Jews, Europeans are engaged in all the battles described. The book, in fact, covers the history of Europe from the earliest times, and will give the young reader a better idea of the origins of the nations of modern Europe than many more strictly historical works; and history with domestic policies excluded, with no dates to be remembered, and nothing but fighting on hand, is the history that most boys delight in. We have said "no dates to be remembered": we may add, however, that Mr. Miles has not omitted a careful chronology.

**"Heroes of the Elizabethan Age",** by Edward Gilliat (Seeley, 5s.).—The Elizabethan heroes, especially the seamen, had so much that was boyish in their composition, that their stories always have a charm for the young. They did brave things bravely, and carried themselves with an air; they lived their lives and died their deaths in such stirring times that repetition cannot stale their history. Mr. Gilliat in the present volume deals with Hawkins and Frobisher and Drake, with Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Lord Howard of Effingham, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Richard Grenville, and others of the illustrious band who laid the foundations of our Empire. The various stories are well told in simple style, much contemporary matter being incorporated in the narrative. The volume is well illustrated and tastefully bound.

**"On Trail and Rapid by Dog-sled and Canoe",** by Rev. H. A. Cody (Seeley, 2s. 6d.).—This story of Bishop Bompas' life amongst the Red Indians and Eskimo, written avowedly for boys and girls, is admirably adapted to bring within their comprehension the excitements and hardships of life in the Far North-West. "On Trail and Rapid" is a stirring story of the romance of exploration, and the brief outline in the opening chapter of the discovery of the Mackenzie and Yukon rivers is a fitting prelude to the adventures which follow. As the author truly remarks, the story of Bishop Bompas' experiences and narrow escape from death when travelling as a missionary to the Arctic Coast is one of the most thrilling in missionary annals. In "An Apostle of the North" Mr. Cody has already published an instructive memoir of his hero, whose plucky endurance and dauntless courage in the face of innumerable perils cannot but appeal to the imagination and chivalry of both boys and girls.

**"The Water-Babies",** by Charles Kingsley, illustrated by Warwick Goble (Macmillan, 5s.).—As we prophesied last year, Messrs. Macmillan's sumptuous edition of "The Water-Babies" proved so popular that it was speedily sold out, and further copies were unobtainable. This year a cheaper edition is published, with sixteen of Mr. Goble's pretty pictures instead of the original thirty-two, and it will doubtless prove as successful as the larger volume.

## MISCELLANEOUS STORIES.

**"The Moon God's Secret",** by Robert M. Macdonald (Fisher Unwin, 5s.).—As a writer of tales of adventure for the young Mr. Robert M. Macdonald is hard to beat. Startling incident and thrilling excitement are a part of the equipment which makes his books a never-failing joy to boys. Readers of "The Moon God's Secret" will revel in the mysteries shrouding this weird being. The discovery of a number of solid gold idols on one of the Caroline Islands will appeal to the imagination of the adventurous and arouse the envy of many a searcher after lost treasure. Harry Wilmot, who figures prominently in these pages, finds ample opportunities for bringing into play an ingenious arrangement about his person of electric wires and shocking coil. When the coil was put in action he could send a shock through any body with which his sleeves came in contact. Needless to say this arrangement stood him and his companions in good stead. Adventure follows upon adventure with breathless rapidity, till the heroes of the story emerge from their perils crowned with success and a fortune.



"The Gold Seekers", by Robert M. Macdonald (Fisher Unwin, 5s.).—The hero, Tom Allan, is the inventor of a machine for extracting gold from sand, which he proposes to work on auriferous patches of the Sahara. With this end in view he waits upon an amusing Glasgow firm, which consists of two scoundrels and one Egyptologist. The firm will have nothing to do with him, but the Egyptologist member, as a private individual, decides to finance a gold-extracting expedition and to join it in person. A motor car with a large tank of petroleum is prepared, and Tom Allan and two boy friends start for the Sahara, intending to pick up their antiquary friend on their way. Owing to mysterious telegrams they miss him, and travel on alone. They meet with much opposition from the French authorities, but at last reach the Sahara. Here their machine works perfectly. But they are not allowed to work in peace, being taken prisoners by wandering Senussi. They escape, however, and discover a wonderful temple and a treasure of ingots of gold and silver and bronze. The Egyptologist turns up, and the supposed Senussi chief is discovered to be another member of the firm, who has conspired against his partner and his boy friends. It is all very exciting and improbable. Virtue is, of course, victorious, and villainy vanquished, and all ends happily. There is a good deal of instruction scattered through the book, which, if rather poor in construction, is thoroughly wholesome.

"The Boys at Menhardoc", by George Manville Fenn (Blackie, 3s.).—The scene of this story is laid in a fishing village, and the interest lies in the adventures of two London boys among the hardy fishermen of the Cornish coast. The characters of the two boys are crudely drawn in a style that once was very popular. The brave, hardy, hasty, headstrong, generous boy is contrasted with his tidy, demure, timid brother, wholly to the latter's disadvantage. This, however, is a fault common to many boys' books written a few years back, and does not seem to have injured them in the esteem of the readers for whom they were written. There is much that is entertaining and a good deal that is frankly instructive in Mr. Fenn's tale of Cornish life. The fishing stories will doubtless interest many boys, as they are told with knowledge, and there are some fine catches. We could wish, however, that the author had not made his timid boy quite so frightened when catching conger, the agony is so palpably overdone. The father of the two boys is a mineralogist, so the reader acquires a good deal of geological knowledge in the course of the book.

"Psmith in the City: a Sequel to 'Mike'", by P. G. Wodehouse (Black, 3s. 6d.).—Sequels are too often but the mere aftermath of a previous success, but "Psmith" is excellent. The story is of the simplest. Two public-school boys enter a bank and pass through the lower branches of the service. The interest centres in the way in which one of them, ever cool and imperturbable, gets round the heads of the departments much as the proverbial Stalky gets round his various masters by playing on their little weaknesses. Thus Psmith gets the blind side of one by professing an abnormal interest in the football team of Manchester United, and of another by developing a sudden socialistic bump. Even the general manager, who is his personal enemy, finds himself outwitted time after time by the sangfroid and reserve of the boy, whose "patter" is as unlimited as his cheek. Some of the fooling reminds one at times of Jerome K. Jerome in his more enforced moments. Mr. Whitwell, the illustrator, seems to have happily caught and depicted the humour of the story.

"The Opium Smugglers", by Harold Bindloss (Fisher Unwin, 5s.). "The Opium Smugglers" will well sustain the writer's popularity among boys. There is a healthy spirit of adventure in his pages, giving to the ranch life which Mr. Bindloss depicts just that atmosphere of romance which stirs the blood of youngsters who have the world before them. There is fidelity to the stern reality of things. The fortunes of Ray Lancaster, who goes West in search of a living, will be followed with eagerness. Not the least thrilling episode in the book is a vivid description of a voyage in a small boat, with half the lee deck under water, during a stormy passage to Vancouver Island. The fascination of life in the open is so well shown by the author that many of his readers who have committed themselves to a city life will long for an opportunity to change the stress and turmoil of town for the exhilarating joys of hill and vale.

"True all Through", by J. Harwood Panting (Chambers, 3s. 6d.). In this story Mr. Panting presents his readers with fare which most schoolboys will appreciate. The characters of the heroes who figure in these pages, the two orphans, Hector and Ben Millard, are well drawn. The story of their escape from a home where their lives were rendered unbearable by

a surly farmer and his cruel son, and of Hector's search for his lost brother, shows how grit and perseverance must bring success.

"A Countess from Canada", by Bessie Marchant (Blackie, 5s.), tells of some plucky doings by a girl and two boys in the fierce winter of Hudson's Bay. Katherine is a spirited little heroine, and but for her rather irrelevant development into a countess at the end of the book, presumably as a reward for her virtues, her adventures have a sane tone of probability and are exciting.

"An Everyday Romance", by Raymond Jacobens (Wells Gardner, 5s.), is of the rather wishy-washy novel order. It is not, indeed, as insipid as it sounds, Karl, the German, especially talking sense and showing that the author has humour; but this half-and-half class of book never seems specially needed. The only difference between it and the ruck of the milder fiction is that it is of a slightly more inconvenient size and weight.

"The Story of a Year", by Mrs. Molesworth (Macmillan, 3s. 6d.), is told in person by a nice little girl, whom other nice little girls will approve of, since she is neither prig nor nuisance, but a normal affectionate child. It has some Gertrude Hammond pictures which are distinctly pleasing.

In "The Manor House School", by Angela Brazil (Blackie, 5s.), the lost inheritance business belongs, of course, to life only as it is lived in story-books, but it is a subject that always fascinates a child. The cover, by the way, seems to threaten a tragedy of the "Mistletoe Bough" description—but it stops at "seeming".

"Two Waifs in Cloudland", by Walter Hawes (The Walter Scott Publishing Company, 5s. net.).—A very pretty story of two waifs who dream dreams on Christmas Eve, which resolve themselves into quite "surprising adventures in the kingdoms of Cumulus and Nimbus." Mr. Hawes charmingly illustrates his own fancies, and Mr. Reginald Michell supplies some incidental verse, of which we may give a sample:

"Those mystic, far-off Cloud-lands,  
That creep o'er land and sea,  
Those modest and those proud lands  
Are airy homes,  
Are fairy homes,  
Where sprites of air dwell free."

The vernacular of the two waifs may be a little difficult for some small readers, but the book will certainly be a delight.

"Tanglewood Tales," bound up with "A Wonder Book for Girls and Boys" (Dent, 5s.), has twenty-four coloured illustrations by Mr. Granville Fell. Adaptations of the classics for children are not the novelty now that they were in Nathaniel Hawthorne's day; but no one has beaten him yet.

Messrs. Macmillan have just issued a new batch of their wonderful shilling series—"Tales of Old Japan," by Lord Redesdale; "North Italian Folk," by Mrs. Comyns Carr; "Reminiscences of the Great Mutiny," by W. Forbes-Mitchell; "At Last: A Christmas in the West Indies," by Charles Kingsley; "Cawnpore," by Sir G. O. Trevelyan; "Leaves from the Note-books of Lady Dorothy Nevill," and others. The volumes are handy, well printed and well bound, and make a notable collection of reprints of books not otherwise readily available.

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